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WALLER.

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

Drawn by Rich.d Westall R.A. *Engraved by J.B.Lemaire.*

Bo ... Vaut r

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. VI.

COWLEY, &c.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.
William Brown, Printer.

1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned."—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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SELECT POEMS

OF

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY, the son of a grocer, was born in London, in 1618. His father died before his birth; and his mother had to strive against difficulties of every sort, in procuring her son a liberal education. After considerable solicitation, he was admitted into Westminster School; where he soon showed himself by no means unworthy of his mother's anxiety. According to Dr. Sprat, who must make him a wonder, his memory was so defective, 'that his teachers could not bring it to retain the ordinary rules of grammar:' but, according to his own account, he was such 'an enemy to all constraint,' that his 'master never could prevail on him to learn them without book.' While yet a school-boy, he composed *Love's Riddle*, a pastoral comedy. *Pyramus and Thisbe** was written at ten; and *Constantia and Philetus*, at twelve.

* It was dedicated to Osbaldiston, his schoolmaster; who, in 1639, fell one of the many victims to the despotism of Archbishop Laud, for holding a correspondence with Williams, the Archbishop of York. When the goods of Williams were distrained to pay his fine of 10,000 pounds, the officers found some of Osbaldiston's letters, in which the words 'great little man,' and 'little urchin,' were applied to some nameless person. Laud took them to himself. Williams was further fined 8000 pounds, for receiving libellous letters; and Osbaldiston, besides a fine of 5000 pounds, was sentenced to have his ears nailed to a post in front of his own school-

In 1636, he was sent to Cambridge; where the intenseness of his application is sufficiently evident in the composition of a great part of the *Davideis;*—a work, of which the bare materials could hardly be collected by a mind of ordinary activity, without the search of many years. When the Prince of Wales passed through Cambridge, at the rupture of the civil war, he was entertained by a comedy, called the *Guardian*, which was sketched out by Cowley, and repeated by his fellow-students. It was revived, after the restoration, under the title *Cutter* of Coleman street;* and, though condemned in public,—for the strangest of all reasons,—as being a satire upon the royalists,—when it was a satire upon any thing else, it continued, nevertheless, to be acted, in private, with sufficient applause. In 1643, being ejected from Cambridge, as a nonconformist to republicanism, he took refuge in St. John's College, Oxford; and not only distinguished himself by the publication of a satire, called *The Puritan and Papist*,—but became a favourite with all that were left of the king's adherents, by the ardour of his loyalty, and the politeness of his conversation.

When Oxford was surrendered to parliament, he fled, with other Royalists, to Paris; where he became secretary to the Earl of St. Albans; and was employed in the confidential office of cyphering and decyphering the correspondence between the king

house. But he saved the ignominy by flight; leaving a note in his study, that 'if Archbishop Laud inquired for him, he should be informed, that he was gone beyond Canterbury.' Godwin's Lives of the two Philipses, London. 1815. Longman, &c. p. 38. The popular novel of *Rob Roy* has made the name of Osbaldiston familiar to all readers.

* Dr. Johnson and the other biographers after him, have entitled it *The* Cutter of Coleman street: but, as *Cutter* is a principal character in the play, the title, according to the London editor, should designate a person, instead of an office, and be written, therefore, without any article. Yet the name was probably derived from the office; and the title might have been intended to denote a character, and not an individual.

and queen. In 1647, he published the *Mistress;* a poem, or rather, a series of poems, filled with extravagant descriptions of the mode, in which he was torn to pieces by love; though, he tells us himself, that they were written, merely because 'poets are hardly thought freemen of their (the muses') company without paying some duties to love;' and though we are told by Barnes,* that, in truth, our poet never was in love but once in his life, and then, had not courage enough to declare his passion. In 1656, he was sent to England, for the purpose of collecting information on the state of the country; and the more effectually to cloke the design, he became a doctor of physic, in the following year, and made himself busy in the early experiments of the Royal Society. Unluckily however, an officer of the government, in quest of another state culprit, apprehended Doctor Cowley; who was thrown into prison, and compelled to find bail for a thousand pounds. It was about the same time, that he formed a resolution of coming to America; and truly, when a man is driven from his own country,—harassed while abroad, and persecuted and imprisoned, as soon as he returns,—when he can live quietly in no part of the old world, where he would choose to live at all,—it is not wonderful, that he should seek refuge in the new. But, in the end, instead of crossing the Atlantic, he only went down into Kent; where he commenced the study of botany, and the composition of his poem on Plants.

Some time afterwards, he went again to France, and staid till the restoration. But the restoration brought him no good; for, though he wrote a Song of Triumph on the occasion, and had been promised the mastership of the Savoy, by both Charleses; yet his revived comedy of the *Guardian* was unfortunately supposed to be a satire upon the Royalists;

* Barnesii Anacreontem.—*Lond. Ed.*

and, as his services were no longer wanted, his preferment was no more considered. His writing a *Complaint*, and calling himself 'the melancholy Cowley,' had little effect in improving his situation; and, seized again with a 'vehement desire' of solitude, he went first to Barn-elms, and afterwards to Chertsey, in Surrey. And did misfortune leave him here?

'TO DR. THOMAS SPRAT.

Chertsey, May 21, 1665.

'THE first night that I came hither I caught so great a cold, with a defluxion of rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten days. And, two after, had such a bruise on my ribs with a fall, that I am unable to move or turn myself in bed. This is my personal fortune here to begin with. And, besides, I can get no money from my tenants, and have my meadows eaten up every night by cattle put in by my neighbours. What this signifies, or may come to in time, God knows; if it be ominous, it can end in nothing less than hanging. Another misfortune, and stranger than all the rest, that you have broke your word with me, and failed to come, even though you told Mr. Bois that you would. This is what they call *monstri simile*. I do hope to recover my late hurt so farre within five or six days (though it be uncertain yet whether I shall ever recover it) as to walk about again. And then, methinks, you and I and the Dean might be very merry upon St. Ann's Hill. You might very conveniently come hither the way of Hampton-Town, lying there one night. I write this in pain, and can say no more. *Verbum sapienti.*

ABM. COWLEY.'

How far his catalogue of miseries was subse-

quently extended, we know not. It was closed by his death, in 1667; which, according to Dr. Anderson, was occasioned by a 'defluxion of rheum,' like that mentioned in the foregoing letter. His body was pompously attended to Westminster Abbey, and deposited between Chaucer and Spenser.

It is in Dr. Johnson's life of Cowley, as our readers all know, that he gives an account of what he styles the *metaphysical poets*. We have already had occasions to touch upon the characteristics of the school; and, after what has been so happily expressed by our predecessor, we have not the heart to enter more fully into the exposition. It is enough for us to say, that Cowley is a distinguished follower of the sect; and that he is one of the few writers, who could reconcile us to the absurdities, of which the system is so necessarily prolific. His great object was to shine as a wit; and, though he stood among the most learned men of the age, his learning seems to have been of little consequence, only as it rendered him the more witty. Wit, indeed, according to the purest sense of the word, he neither possessed, nor coveted. It was that sort of wit, which Addison calls *mixed;* consisting chiefly of thoughts, which are true in one sense, and false in another. 'Observing the cold regard of his mistress' eyes,' for example, 'and at the same time their power of producing love in him, he considers them as burning glasses made of ice. Finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, he concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. And upon the dying of a tree, on which he had cut his loves, he observes that his flames had burnt up and withered the tree.' Such conceits, if they stood naked, would be little better than monsters; but, clothed, as they are in Cowley, by a rich profusion of learning, they often surprise and delight us by their novelty, though they may not warm or move us by their truth.

There is no class of poets, besides the metaphysical, to which our author can be referred. He has tried the epic, the elegiac, the didactic, the pindaric, the amorous, the burlesque; and has indulged himself in every sort of metre, from two syllables, to twelve. He was the first to teach, by example, however, that a translator is not bound to tread in the exact footsteps of his original; but may follow on, with a pace free from every shackle, except such as are imposed by the idiom and principles of his own language.

> That servile path he nobly did decline,
> Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
>
> *Denham.*

MISCELLANIES.

THE MOTTO.

TENTANDA VIA EST, &c.

What shall I do to be for ever known,
And make the age to come my own?
I shall, like beasts, or common people, die,
Unless you write my elegy;
Whilst others great, by being born, are grown;
Their mothers' labour, not their own.
In this scale gold, in the' other fame does lie,
The weight of that mounts this so high.
These men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.
Yet I must on. What sound is 't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last trumpet, for it can
Raise up the buried man.
Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,
And march the Muses' Hannibal.
Hence, all the flattering vanities that lay
Nets of roses in the way!

Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above Fate!
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
Which intercepts my coming praise.
Come, my best friends, my books! and lead me on;
'Tis time that I were gone.
Welcome, great Stagyrite! and teach me now
All I was born to know:
Thy scholar's victories thou dost far out-do;
He conquer'd the' earth, the whole world you.
Welcome learn'd Cicero! whose blest tongue and wit
Preserves Rome's greatness yet:
Thou art the first of orators; only he
Who best can praise thee, next must be.
Welcome the Mantuan swan, Virgil the wise!
Whose verse walks highest, but not flies;
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age,
And made that art which was a rage.
Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have climb'd the mountain's top, there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it,
And, whilst with wearied steps we upwards go,
See us, and clouds, below.

ODE. OF WIT.

Tell me, O tell, what kind of thing is Wit,
Thou who master art of it?
For the first matter loves variety less;
Less women love 't, either in love or dress.
A thousand different shapes it bears,
Comely in thousand shapes appears.

Yonder we saw it plain; and here 'tis now,
Like spirits, in a place we know not how

London, that vents of false ware so much store,
In no ware deceives us more;
For men, led by the colour and the shape,
Like Zeuxis' birds, fly to the painted grape.
Some things do through our judgment pass
As through a multiplying glass;
And sometimes, if the object be too far,
We take a falling meteor for a star.

Hence 'tis, a Wit, that greatest word of fame,
Grows such a common name;
And Wits by our creation they become,
Just so as titular bishops made at Rome.
'Tis not a tale, 'tis not a jest
Admir'd with laughter at a feast,
Nor florid talk, which can that title gain;
The proofs of Wit for ever must remain.

'Tis not to force some lifeless verses meet
With their five gouty feet.
All, every where, like man's, must be the soul,
And Reason the inferior powers control.
Such were the numbers which could call
The stones into the Theban wall.
Such miracles are ceas'd; and now we see
No towns or houses rais'd by poetry.

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part;
That shows more cost than art.
Jewels at nose and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things Wit, let none be there.

Several lights will not be seen,
If there be nothing else between.
Men doubt, because they stand so thick i' th' sky,
If those be stars which paint the galaxy.

'Tis not when two like words make up one noise,
(Jests for Dutch men and English boys;)
In which who finds out Wit, the same may see
In an'grams and acrostic poetry:
Much less can that have any place
At which a virgin hides her face.
'Such dross the fire must purge away: 'tis just
The author blush there, where the reader must.

'Tis not such lines as almost crack the stage
When Bajazet begins to rage;
Nor a tall metaphor in the bombast way;
Nor the dry chips of short-lung'd Seneca;
Nor upon all things to obtrude
And force some odd similitude.
What is it then, which, like the power divine,
We only can by negatives define?

In a true piece of Wit all things must be,
Yet all things there agree;
As in the ark, join'd without force or strife,
All creatures dwelt; all creatures that had life:
Or, as the primitive forms of all
(If we compare great things with small)
Which, without discord, or confusion, lie
In that strange mirror of the Deity.

But Love, that moulds one man up out of two,
Makes me forget, and injure you:

I took you for myself, sure, when I thought
That you in any thing were to be taught.
Correct my error with thy pen;
And, if any ask me then
What thing right Wit and height of genius is,
I'll only show your lines, and say, 'Tis this.

TO THE LORD FALKLAND,

FOR HIS SAFE RETURN FROM THE NORTHERN EXPEDITION AGAINST THE SCOTS.

Great is thy charge, O North! be wise and just,
England commits her Falkland to thy trust;
Return him safe; Learning would rather choose
Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose:
All things that are but writ or printed there,
In his unbounded breast engraven are.
There all the sciences together meet,
And every art does all her kindred greet,
Yet justle not, nor quarrel; but as well
Agree as in some common principle.
So, in an army govern'd right, we see
(Though out of several countries rais'd it be)
That all their order and their place maintain,
The English, Dutch, the Frenchman, and the Dane:
So thousand divers species fill the air,
Yet neither crowd nor mix confus'dly there;
Beasts, houses, trees, and men, together lie,
Yet enter undisturb'd into the eye.
And this great prince of knowledge is by Fate
Thrust into the' noise and business of a state.

All virtues, and some customs of the court,
Other men's labour are at least his sport;
Whilst we, who can no action undertake,
Whom idleness itself might learned make;
Who hear of nothing, and as yet scarce know,
Whether the Scots in England be or no;
Pace dully on, oft tire, and often stay,
Yet see his nimble Pegasus fly away.
'Tis Nature's fault, who did thus partial grow,
And her estate of wit on one bestow;
Whilst we, like younger brothers, get at best
But a small stock, and must work out the rest.
How could he answer 't, should the state think fit
To question a monopoly of wit?
  Such is the man whom we require, the same
We lent the North; untouch'd, as is his fame.
He is too good for war, and ought to be
As far from danger, as from fear he's free.
Those men alone (and those are useful too)
Whose valour is the only art they know,
Were for sad war and bloody battles born;
Let them the state defend, and he adorn.

ON THE DEATH OF

SIR HENRY WOOTTON.

What shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more;

Whom England now no more return'd must see;
He's gone to Heaven on his fourth embassy.
On Earth he travell'd often; not to say
H' had been abroad, or pass loose time away.
In whatsoever land he chanc'd to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues that Babel sent into the West;
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only liv'd, but been born every where.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone;
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.
We say, that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date:
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
He found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellæan youth, did moan
Because that art had no more worlds than one;
And, when he saw that he through all had past,
He died, lest he should idle grow at last.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. JORDAN,

SECOND MASTER AT WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Hence, and make room for me, all you who come
Only to read the epitaph on this tomb!
Here lies the master of my tender years,
The guardian of my parents' hope and fears;
Whose government ne'er stood me in a tear;
All weeping was reserv'd to spend it here.
Come hither, all who his rare virtues knew,
And mourn with me: he was your tutor too.
Let's join our sighs, till they fly far, and shew
His native Belgia what she's now to do.
The league of grief bids her with us lament;
By her he was brought forth, and hither sent
In payment of all men we there had lost,
And all the English blood those wars have cost.
Wisely did Nature this learn'd man divide;
His birth was theirs, his death the mournful pride
Of England; and, t' avoid the envious strife
Of other lands, all Europe had his life,
But we in chief; our country soon was grown
A debtor more to him, than he to 's own.
He pluckt from youth the follies and the crimes,
And built up men against the future times;
For deeds of age are in their causes then,
And though he taught but boys, he made the men.
Hence 'twas a master, in those ancient days
When men sought knowledge first, and by it praise,

Was a thing full of reverence, profit, fame;
Father itself was but a second name.
He scorn'd the profit; his instructions all
Were, like the science, free and liberal.
He deserv'd honours, but despis'd them too,
As much as those who have them others do.
He knew not that which compliment they call;
Could flatter none, but himself least of all.
So true, so faithful, and so just, as he
Was nought on Earth but his own memory;
His memory, where all things written were,
As sure and fixt as in Fate's books they are.
Thus he in arts, so vast a treasure gain'd,
Whilst still the use came in, and stock remain'd;
And, having purchas'd all that man can know,
He labour'd with 't to enrich others now;
Did thus a new and harder task sustain,
Like those that work in mines for others' gain:
He, though more nobly, had much more to do,
To search the vein, dig, purge, and mint it too.
Though my excuse would be, I must confess,
Much better had his diligence been less;
But, if a Muse hereafter smile on me,
And say, "Be thou a poet!" men shall see
That none could a more grateful scholar have
For what I ow'd his life I'll pay his grave.

ON HIS

MAJESTY'S RETURN OUT OF SCOTLAND.

Welcome, great Sir! with all the joy that's due
To the return of peace and you;
Two greatest blessings which this age can know!
For that to thee, for thee to Heaven we owe.
Others by war their conquests gain,
You like a god your ends obtain;
Who, when rude Chaos for his help did call,
Spoke but the word and sweetly order'd all.

This happy concord in no blood is writ,
None can grudge Heaven full thanks for it:
No mothers here lament their children's fate,
And like the peace, but think it comes too late.
No widows hear the jocund bells,
And take them for their husbands' knells:
No drop of blood is spilt, which might be said
To mark our joyful holiday with red.

'Twas only Heaven could work this wondrous thing,
And only work't by such a king.
Again the northern hinds may sing and plough,
And fear no harm but from the weather now;
Again may tradesmen love their pain,
By knowing now for whom they gain;
The armour now may be hung up to sight,
And only in their halls the children fright.

The gain of civil wars will not allow
Bay to the conqueror's brow:

At such a game what fool would venture in,
Where one must lose, yet neither side can win?
How justly would our neighbours smile
At these mad quarrels of our isle;
Swell'd with proud hopes to snatch the whole away,
Whilst we bet all, and yet for nothing play!

How was the silver Tine frighted before,
And durst not kiss the armed shore!
His waters ran more swiftly than they use,
And hasted to the sea to tell the news:
The sea itself, how rough so'er,
Could scarce believe such fury here.
How could the Scots and we be enemies grown?
That, and its master Charles, had made us one.

No blood so loud as that of civil war:
It calls for dangers from afar.
Let's rather go and seek out them and fame;
Thus our fore-fathers got, thus left a name:
All their rich blood was spent with gains,
But that which swells their children's veins.
Why sit we still, our spirits wrapt in lead?
Not like them whilst they liv'd, but now they're dead.

The noise at home was but Fate's policy,
To raise our spirits more high:
So a bold lion, ere he seeks his prey,
Lashes his sides and roars, and then away.
How would the German eagle fear,
To see a new Gustavus there;
How would it shake, though as 'twas wont to do
For Jove of old, it now bore thunder too!

Surc there are actions of this height and praise
Destin'd to Charles's days!
What will the triumphs of his battles be,
Whose very peace itself is victory!
When heaven bestows the best of kings,
It bids us think of mighty things;
His valour, wisdom, offspring, speak no less;
And we, the prophets' sons write not by guess.

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK,

THE FAMOUS PAINTER.

VANDYCK is dead; but what bold Muse shall dare
(Though poets in that word with painter share)
T' express her sadness? Poesy must become
An art like Painting here, an art that's dumb.
Let's all our solemn grief in silence keep,
Like some sad picture which he made to weep,
Or those who saw't; for none his works could view
Unmov'd with the same passions which he drew.
His pieces so with their live objects strive,
That both or pictures seem, or both alive.
Nature herself, amaz'd does doubting stand,
Which is her own, and which the painter's hand;
And does attempt the like with less success,
When her own work in twins she would express
His all-resembling pencil did out-pass
The mimic imagery of looking-glass.

Nor was his life less perfect than his art.
Nor was his hand less erring than his heart.
There was no false or fading colour there,
The figures sweet and well-proportion'd were,
Most other men, set next to him in view,
Appear'd more shadows than the men he drew.
Thus still he liv'd, till Heav'n did for him call;
Where reverend Luke salutes him first of all;
Where he beholds new sights, divinely fair,
And could almost wish for his pencil there;
Did he not gladly see how all things shine,
Wondrously painted in the Mind Divine,
Whilst he, for ever ravish'd with the show,
Scorns his own art which we admire below.
  Only his beauteous lady still he loves,
(The love of heavenly objects Heaven improves)
He sees bright angels in pure beams appear,
And thinks on her he left so like them here.
And you, fair widow! who stay here alive,
Since he so much rejoices, cease to grieve:
Your joys and griefs were wont the same to be;
Begin not now, blest pair! to disagree.
No wonder Death move not his generous mind;
You, and a new-born you, he left behind:
Ev'n Fate express'd his love to his dear wife,
And let him end your picture with his life.

PROMETHEUS

ILL-PAINTED.

How wretched does Prometheus' state appear,
Whilst he his second misery suffers here!
Draw him no more; lest as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great Jove's less than the painter's hands.
It would the vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus should grow.
Pity him Jove! and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once stole from thee grant him now!

ODE.

Here's to thee, Dick; this whining love despise;
Pledge me, my friend; and drink till thou be'st wise.
It sparkles brighter far than she:
'Tis pure and right without deceit;
And such no woman ere will be:
No; they are all sophisticate.

With all thy servile pains what can'st thou win,
But an ill-favour'd and uncleanly sin?
A thing so vile, and so short liv'd,
That Venus' joys, as well as she,
With reason may be said to be
From the neglected foam deriv'd.

Whom would that painted toy a beauty move;
Whom would it e'er persuade to court and love;
Could he a woman's heart have seen
(But, oh! no light does hither come)
And view'd her perfectly within,
When he lay shut up in her womb.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their sighs nor tears are true:
Those idly blow, these idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all:
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown;
Let the glass walk, till all things too go round!
Again, till these two lights be four;
No error here can dangerous prove:
Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more,
None double see like men in love.

FRIENDSHIP IN ABSENCE.

When chance or cruel business parts us two,
What do our souls, I wonder, do?
Whilst sleep does our dull bodies tie,
Methinks at home they should not stay,
Content with dreams, but boldly fly
Abroad, and meet each other half the way.

Sure they do meet, enjoy each other there,
And mix, I know not how nor where!
Their friendly lights together twine,
Though we perceive 't not to be so;
Like loving stars, which oft combine,
Yet not themselves their own conjunctions know.

'Twere an ill world, I'll swear, for every friend,
If distance could their union end:
But Love itself does far advance
Above the power of time and space;
It scorns such outward circumstance,
His time's for ever, every where his place.

I'm there with thee, yet here with me thou art,
Lodg'd in each other's heart:
Miracles cease not yet in love.
When he his mighty power will try,
Absence itself does bounteous prove,
And strangely ev'n our presence multiply.

Pure is the flame of Friendship and divine,
Like that which in Heaven's sun does shine;
He in the upper air and sky
Does no effects of heat bestow;
But, as his beams the farther fly,
He begets warmth, life, beauty, here below.

Friendship is less apparent when too nigh,
Like objects if they touch the eye.
Less meritorious then is love;
For when we friends together see
So much, so much both one do prove,
That their love then seems but self-love to be

Each day think on me, and each day I shall
For thee make hours canonical.
By every wind that comes this way,
Send me, at least, a sigh or two;
Such and so many I'll repay,
As shall themselves make winds to get to you.

A thousand pretty ways we'll think upon,
To mock our separation.
Alas! ten thousand will not do;
My heart will thus no longer stay;
No longer 'twill be kept from you,
But knocks against the breast to get away.

And, when no art affords me help or ease,
I seek with verse my griefs t' appease;
Just as a bird, that flies about
And beats itself against the cage,
Finding at last no passage out,
It sits and sings, and so o'ercomes its rage.

TO THE

BISHOP OF LINCOLN,

UPON HIS ENLARGEMENT OUT OF THE TOWER.

Pardon, my lord, that I am come so late
T' express my joy for your return of fate?
So, when injurious Chance did you deprive
Of liberty, at first I could not grieve;

My thoughts ahwile, like you, imprison'd lay;
Great joys, as well as sorrows, make a stay;
They hinder one another in the crowd,
And none are heard, whilst all would speak aloud.
Should every man's officious gladness haste,
And be afraid to show itself the last,
The throng of gratulations now would be
Another loss to you of liberty.
When of your freedom men the news did hear,
Where it was wish'd-for, that is every where,
'Twas like the speech which from your lips does fall;
As soon as it was heard, it ravish'd all.
So eloquent Tully did from exile come;
Thus long'd for he return'd, and cherish'd Rome;
Which could no more his tongue and counsels miss;
Rome, the world's head, was nothing without his.
Wrong to those sacred ashes I should do,
Should I compare any to him but you;
You, to whom Art and Nature did dispense
The consulship of wit and eloquence.
Nor did your fate differ from his at all,
Because the doom of exile was his fall;
For the whole world, without a native home,
Is nothing but a prison of larger room.
But like a melting woman suffer'd he,
He who before out-did humanity;
Nor could his spirit constant and stedfast prove
Whose art 't had been, and greatest end, to move.
You put ill-fortune in so good a dress,
That it out-shone other men's happiness:
Had your prosperity always clearly gone,
As your high merits would have laid it on.

You'ad half been lost, and an example then
But for the happy—the least part of men.
Your very sufferings did so graceful shew,
That some strait envy'd your affliction too;
For a clear conscience and heroic mind
In ills their business and their glory find.
So, though less worthy stones are drown'd in night,
The faithful diamond keeps his native light,
And is oblig'd to darkness for a ray,
That would be more oppress'd than help'd by day.
Your soul then most show'd her unconquer'd power,
Was stronger and more armed than the Tower.
Sure unkind Fate will tempt your spirit no more;
Sh' has try'd her weakness and your strength before.
T' oppose him still, who once was conquer'd so,
Were now to be your rebel, not your foe;
Fortune henceforth will more of providence have,
And rather be your friend than be your slave.

TO A LADY

WHO MADE POSIES FOR RINGS.

I LITTLE thought the time would ever be,
That I should wit in dwarfish posies see.
As all words in few letters live,
Thou to few words all sense dost give.
'Twas Nature taught you this rare art,
In such a little much to shew;
Who, all the good she did impart
To womankind, epitomiz'd in you.

If, as the ancients did not doubt to sing,
The turning years be well compar'd t' a ring,
We'll write whate'er from you we hear;
For that's the posy of the year.
This difference only will remain—
That Time his former face does shew,
Winding into himself again;
But your unweary'd wit is always new.

'Tis said, that conjurers have an art found out
To carry spirits confin'd in rings about:
The wonder now will less appear,
When we behold your magic here.
You, by your rings, do prisoners take,
And chain them with your mystic spells,
And, the strong witchcraft full to make,
Love, the great Devil, charm'd to those circles, dwells.

They, who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring, th' equator Heaven does bind.
When heaven shall be adorn'd by thee
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be)
'Tis thou must write the posy there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Though the Sun pass through't twice a year,
The Sun, who is esteem'd the god of wit.

Happy the hands which wear thy sacred rings,
They'll teach those hands to write mysterious things.
Let other rings, with jewels bright,
Cast around their costly light;
Let them want no noble stone,

By nature rich and art refin'd;
Yet shall thy rings give place to none,
But only that which must thy marriage bind.

PROLOGUE TO THE GUARDIAN:

BEFORE THE PRINCE.

Who says the times do learning disallow?
'Tis false; 'twas never honour'd so as now.
When you appear, great prince! our night is done;
You are our morning-star, and shall be our sun.
But our scene's London now; and by the rout
We perish, if the Round-heads be about:
For now no ornament the head must wear,
No bays, no mitre, not so much as hair.
How can a play pass safely, when we know
Cheapside-cross falls for making but a show?
Our only hope is this, that it may be
A play may pass too, made extempore.
Though other arts poor and neglected grow,
They'll admit poesy, which was always so.
But we contemn the fury of these days,
And scorn no less their censure than their praise:
Our Muse, blest prince! does only on you rely;
Would gladly live, but not refuse to die.
Accept our hasty zeal! a thing that's play'd
Ere 'tis a play, and acted ere 'tis made.
Our ignorance, but our duty too, we show;
I would all ignorant people would do so!
At other times expect our wit or art;
This comedy is acted by the heart.

THE EPILOGUE.

The play, great sir! is done; yet needs must fear,
Though you brought all your father's mercies here,
It may offend your highness; and we 'ave now
Three hours done treason here, for ought we know.
But power your grace can above Nature give,
It can give power to make abortives live;
In which, if our bold wishes should be crost,
'Tis but the life of one poor week 't has lost:
Though it should fall beneath your mortal scorn,
Scarce could it die more quickly than 't was born.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. WILLIAM HERVEY.

Immodicis Brevis est Ætas, & rara senectus. *Mart.*

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the Morn drive on th' unwilling Light,
When sleep, Death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever; and my life, to moan?
O, thou has left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieg'd around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part,
Than I, my dearest friend! do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had dy'd for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas! my treasure's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on Earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth;
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to Fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters knew,
Whom the kind youth preferr'd to me;
And ev'n in that we did agree,
For much above myself I lov'd them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unweary'd have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid!

Henceforth, no learned youths beneath you sing,
Till all the tuneful birds t' your boughs they bring;
No tuneful birds play with their wonted cheer,
And call the learned youth to hear;
No whistling winds through the glad branches fly:
But all, with sad solemnity,
Mute and unmoved be,
Mute as the grave wherein my friend does lie.

To him my Muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new and warm yet from the brain:
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and, like a friend,
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my Muse! thou canst not me delight:
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse;
And this my grief, without thy help, shall write.

Had I a wreath of bays about my brow,
I should contemn that flourishing honour now;
Condemn it to the fire, and joy to hear
It rage and crackle there.
Instead of bays, crown with sad cypress me;
Cypress, which tombs does beautify:
Not Phœbus griev'd, so much as I,
For him who first was made that mournful tree.

Large was his soul; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here; [have,
High as the place 'twas shortly in Heaven to
But low and humble as his grave:
So high, that all the Virtues there did come,
As to their chiefest seat
Conspicuous and great;
So low, that for me too it made a room.

He scorn'd this busy world below, and all
That we, mistaken mortals! pleasure call;
Was fill'd with innocent gallantry and truth,
Triumphant o'er the sins of youth.
He, like the stars to which he now is gone,
That shine with beams like flame,
Yet burn not with the same,
Had all the light of youth, of the fire none.

Knowledge he only sought, and so soon caught,
As if for him Knowledge had rather sought:
Nor did more learning ever crowded lie
In such a short mortality.
Whene'er the skilful youth discours'd or writ,
Still did the notions throng
About his eloquent tongue,
Nor could his ink flow faster than his wit.

So strong a wit did Nature to him frame,
As all things but his judgment overcame;
His judgment like the heavenly moon did show,
Tempering that mighty sea below.
Oh! had he liv'd in Learning's world, what bound
Would have been able to control
His over-powering soul;
We 'ave lost in him arts that not yet are found.

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd, and gave to them their due:
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise Nature had made that her book.

So many virtues join'd in him, as we
Can scarce pick here and there in history;
More than old writers' practice e'er could reach;
As much as they could ever teach.
These did Religion, queen of virtues! sway;
And all their sacred motions steer,
Just like the first and highest sphere,
Which wheels about, and turns all Heaven one way.

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd, as other saints do die.
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept;
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the Sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Wearied with his journey of the day.

Precious young man! why wert thou made so good,
To be snatch'd hence ere better understood?
Snatch'd before half of thee enough was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell;
But danger and infectious death
Maliciously seiz'd on that breath,
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always us'd to dwell.

But happy thou, ta'en from this frantic age,
Where ignorance and hypocrisy does rage!
A fitter time for Heaven no soul ere chose,
The place now only free from those.
There 'mong the blest thou dost for ever shine,
And, wheresoe'er thou casts thy view,
Upon that white and radiant crew,
See'st not a soul cloth'd with more light than thine.

And, if the glorious saints cease not to know
Their wretched friends who fight with life below,
Thy flame to me does still the same abide,
Only more pure and rarefy'd.
There, whilst immortal hymns thou dost rehearse,
Thou dost with holy pity see
Our dull and earthy poesy,
Where grief and misery can be join'd with verse.

ODE.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S ODE,

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus, &c. Lib. I. Od. v.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And with large bounty open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah! simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain?
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so camelion-like an hue,
That still their colour changes with it too!

How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackness of the skies!
Trembling to hear the wind sound higher,
And see the billows rise!
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas! before had been at sea!

He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears,
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy, he,
T' whom thou untry'd dost shine!
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

IN IMITATION OF

MARTIAL'S EPIGRAM,

Si tecum mihi, chare Martialis, &c.
L. v. Ep. xx.

If, dearest friend, it my good fate might be,
T' enjoy at once a quiet life and thee;
If we for happiness could leisure find,
And wandering time into a method bind;
We should not sure the great-men's favour need,
Nor on long hopes, the court's thin diet, feed;
We should not patience find daily to hear
The calumnies and flatteries spoken there;
We should not the lords' tables humbly use,
Or talk in ladies' chambers love and news;
But books, and wise discourse, gardens and fields,
And all the joys that unmixt Nature yields;
Thick summer shades, where winter still does lie,
Bright winter fires, that summer's part supply:
Sleep, not controul'd by cares, confin'd to night,
Or bound in any rule but appetite:
Free, but not savage or ungracious mirth,
Rich wines, to give it quick and easy birth;
A few companions, which ourselves should choose,
A gentle mistress, and a gentler Muse.
Such dearest friend! such, without doubt, should be
Our place, our business, and our company.
Now to himself, alas! does neither live,
But sees good suns, of which we are to give
A strict account, set and march thick away:
Knows a man how to live, and does he stay?

THE CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possest,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my resistless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en.
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary, then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power:
Wondrous beautiful her face!
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the by.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy-maid;
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possest
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary, next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria;
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
(Numberless, nameless, mysteries!)

And all the little lime-twigs laid,
By Machiavel the waiting maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name;
Whom God grant long to reign!

TO SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT,

UPON HIS TWO FIRST BOOKS OF GONDIBERT, FINISHED BEFORE HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

METHINKS heroic poesy till now,
Like some fantastic fairy-land did show;
Gods, devils, nymphs, witches, and giants' race,
And all but man, in man's chief work had place.
Thou, like some worthy knight, with sacred arms,
Dost drive the monsters thence, and end the charms,
Instead of those dost men and manners plant,
The things which that rich soil did chiefly want.
Yet ev'n thy mortals do their gods excel,
Taught by thy Muse to fight and love so well.
By fatal hands whilst present empires fall,
Thine from the grave past monarchies recall;
So much more thanks from human-kind does merit
The poet's fury than the zealot's spirit:
And from the grave thou mak'st this empire rise,
Not like some dreadful ghost, t' affright our eyes,
But with more lustre and triumphant state,
Than when it crown'd at proud Verona sate.
So will our God rebuild man's perish'd frame,
And raise him up much better, yet the same:
So god-like poets do past things rehearse,
Not change, but heighten, Nature by their verse.
With shame, methinks, great Italy must see
Her conquerors rais'd to life again by thee:
Rais'd by such powerful verse, that ancient Rome
May blush no less to see her wit o'ercome.
Some men their fancies, like their faith, derive,
And think all ill but that which Rome does give;

The marks of old and Catholic would find;
To the same chair would truth and fiction bind.
Thou in those beaten paths disdain'st to tread,
And scorn'st to live by robbing of the dead.
Since Time does all things change, thou think'st not fit
This latter age should see all new but wit;
Thy fancy, like a flame, its way does make,
And leave bright tracks for following pens to take.
Sure 'twas this noble boldness of the Muse
Did thy desire to seek new worlds infuse;
And ne'er did Heaven so much a voyage bless,
If thou canst plant but there with like success.

AN ANSWER TO

A COPY OF VERSES

SENT ME TO JERSEY.

As to a northern people (whom the Sun
Uses just as the Romish church has done
Her profane laity, and does assign
Bread only both to serve for bread and wine)
A rich Canary fleet welcome arrives;
Such comfort to us here your letter gives,
Fraught with brisk racy verses; in which we
The soil from whence they came taste, smell, and see;
Such is your present to us; for you must know,
Sir, that verse does not in this island grow,
No more than sack: one lately did not fear
(Without the Muses' leave) to plant it here;

But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed, hedge,
Rhymes, as ev'n set the hearers' ears on edge:
Written by ——— ——— esquire, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.
Brave Jersey Muse! and he's for this high style
Call'd to this day the Homer of the isle.
Alas! to men here no words less hard be
To rhyme with, than *Mount Orgueil is to me;
Mount Orgueil! which, in scorn o' th' Muses' law,
With no yoke-fellow word will deign to draw.
Stubborn Mount Orgueil! 'tis a work to make it
Come into rhyme, more hard than 'twere to take it.
Alas! to bring your tropes and figures here,
Strange as to bring camels and elephants were;
And metaphor is so unknown a thing,
'Twould need the preface of God save the king.
Yet this I'll say, for th' honour of the place,
That, by God's extraordinary grace,
(Which shows the people have judgment, if not wit)
The land is undefil'd with clinches yet;
Which, in my poor opinion, I confess,
Is a most singular blessing, and no less
Than Ireland's wanting spiders. And, so far
From th' actual sin of bombast too they are,
(That other crying sin o' th' English Muse)
That even Satan himself can accuse
None here (no not so much as the divines)
For th' *motus primò primi* to strong lines.
Well, since the soil then does not naturally bear
Verse, who (a devil) should import it here?
For that to me would seem as strange a thing,
As who did first wild beasts int' islands bring;

* The name of one of the castles in Jersey.

Unless you think that it might taken be,
As Green did Gondibert, in a prize at sea:
But that's a fortune falls not every day;
'Tis true Green was made by it; for they say
The parl'ament did a noble bounty do,
And gave him the whole prize, their tenths and fifteenths too.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

THAT THERE IS NO KNOWLEDGE.

Against the Dogmatists.

The sacred tree midst the fair orchard grew;
The Phœnix Truth did on it rest,
And built his perfum'd nest:
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic shew.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And th' apples were demonstrative:
So clear their colour and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights out-shine.

"Taste not," said God, "'tis mine and angels' meat;
A certain death doth sit,
Like an ill worm, i' th' core of it.
Ye cannot know and live, nor live or know, and eat."
Thus spoke God, yet man did go
Ignorantly on to know;
Grew so more blind, and she
Who tempted him to this grew yet more blind than he.

The only science man by this did get,
Was but to know he nothing knew:
He straight his nakedness did view,
His ignorant poor estate, and was asham'd of it.
Yet searches probabilities,
And rhetoric, and fallacies,
And seeks by useless pride,
With slight and withering leaves that nakedness to hide.

"Henceforth," said God, "the wretched sons of Earth
Shall sweat for food in vain,
That will not long sustain;
And bring with labour forth each fond abortive birth.
That serpent too, their pride,
Which aims at things deny'd;
That learn'd and eloquent lust;
Instead of mounting high, shall creep upon the dust."

REASON;

THE USE OF IT IN DIVINE MATTERS.

Some blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
Be led by others a right way;
They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,
'Tis but because there was no wind.
Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
If our forefathers err'd or no.
When we trust men concerning God, we then
Trust not God concerning men.

Visions and inspirations some expect
    Their course here to direct;
Like senscless chymists their own wealth destroy,
    Imaginary gold t' enjoy:
So stars appear to drop to us from sky,
    And gild the passage as they fly;
But when they fall, and meet th' opposing ground,
    What but a sordid slime is found?

Sometimes their fancies they 'bove reason set,
    And fast, that they may dream of meat;
Sometimes ill spirits their sickly souls delude,
    And bastard forms obtrude;
So Endor's wretched sorceress, although
    She Saul through his disguise did know,
Yet, when the devil comes up disguis'd, she cries,
    "Behold! the Gods arise."

In vain, alas! these outward hopes are try'd;
    Reason within's our only guide;
Reason, which (God be prais'd!) still walks, for all
    Its old orig'nal fall;
And, since itself the boundless Godhead join'd
    With a reasonable mind,
It plainly shows that mysteries divine
    May with our reason join.

The holy book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
    With thousand lights of truth divine:
So numberless the stars, that to the eye
    It makes but all one galaxy.
Yet reason must assist too; for, in seas
    So vast and dangerous as these,
Our course by stars above we cannot know,
    Without the compass too below.

Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see,
It sees that there and such they be;
Leads to Heaven's door, and there does humbly keep,
And there through chinks and key-holes peep;
Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
Must not come into th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. CRASHAW.

Poet and saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses' banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home back to their holy land.
Ah, wretched we, poets of Earth! but thou
Wert living the same poet which thou'rt now;
Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
And joy in an applause so great as thine,
Equal society with them to hold,
Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old

And they (kind spirits!) shall all rejoice, to see
How little less than they exalted man may be.
Still the old Heathen gods in numbers dwell;
The heavenliest thing on Earth still keeps up Hell;
Nor have we quite purg'd the Christian land;
Still idols here, like calves at Bethel, stand.
And, though Pan's death long since all oracles broke,
Yet still in rhyme the fiend Apollo spoke:
Nay, with the worst of heathen dotage, we
(Vain men!) the monster Woman deify;
Find stars, and tie our fates there in a face,
And Paradise in them, by whom we lost it, place.
What different faults corrupt our Muses thus?
Wanton as girls, as old wives fabulous!
Thy spotless Muse, like Mary, did contain
The boundless Godhead; she did well disdain
That her eternal verse employ'd should be
On a less subject than eternity;
And for a sacred mistress scorn'd to take,
But her whom God himself scorn'd not his spouse to make.
It (in a kind) her miracle did do;
A fruitful mother was, and virgin too.
How well (blest swan!) did Fate contrive thy death,*
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms, thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine!
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.

* Mr. Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church.

Angels (they say) brought the fam'd chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air:
'Tis surer much they brought thee there; and they,
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my Mother Church! if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For ev'n in error sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God! with shame I speak 't, and grief,
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it!
His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far at least, great saint! to pray to thee.
Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us the poets militant below!
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse Chance,
Attack'd by Envy and by Ignorance;
Enchain'd by Beauty, tortur'd by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant Love to savage beasts and fires.
Thou from low Earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies.
Elisha-like, (but with a wish much less,
More fit thy greatness and my littleness)
Lo! here I beg (I, whom thou once didst prove
So humble to esteem, so good to love)
Not that thy spirit might on me doubled be,
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And, when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee, to sing.

A POEM

ON THE LATE CIVIL WAR.*

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER, 1679.

MEETING accidentally with this poem in manuscript, and being informed that it was a piece of the incomparable Mr. A. C.'s, I thought it unjust to hide such a treasure from the world. I remembered that our author, in his preface to his works,† makes mention of some poems written by him on the late civil war, of which the following copy is unquestionably a part. In his most imperfect and unfinished pieces, you will discover the hand of so great a master. And (whatever his own modesty might have advised to the contrary) there is not one careless stroke of his but what should be kept sacred to posterity. He could write nothing that was not worth the preserving, being habitually a poet, and always inspired. In this piece the judi-

* This and the two following poems are not given with certainty as Cowley's. They have been ascribed to him; are possibly genuine; and therefore are preserved in this collection.

† See p. 45 of this volume.

cious reader will find the turn of the verse to be his; the same copious and lively imagery of fancy, the same warmth of passion and delicacy of wit, that sparkles in all his writings. And certainly no labours of a genius so rich in itself, and so cultivated with learning and manners, can prove an unwelcome present to the world.

What rage does England from itself divide,
More than the seas from all the world beside?
From every part the roaring cannons play,
From every part blood roars as loud as they.
What English ground but still some moisture bears,
Of young men's blood, and more of mothers' tears?
What air's unthicken'd with the sighs of wives,
Though more of maids for their dear lovers' lives?
Alas! what triumphs can this victory shew,
That dyes us red in blood and blushes too!
How can we wish that conquest, which bestows
Cypress, not bays, upon the conquering brows?
It was not so when Henry's dreadful name,
Not sword, nor cause, whole nations overcame.
To farthest West did his swift conquests run,
Nor did his glory set but with the Sun.
In vaid did Roderic to his hold retreat,
In vain had wretched Ireland call'd him great;
Ireland! which now most basely we begin
To labour more to lose than he to win.
It was not so when in the happy East,
Richard, our Mars, Venus's Isle possest:

'Gainst the proud Moon, he the' English cross display'd,
Eclips'd one horn, and the' other paler made;
When our dear lives we ventur'd bravely there,
And digg'd our own to gain Christ's sepulchre.
That sacred tomb, which, should we now enjoy,
We should with as much zeal fight to destroy!
The precious signs of our dead Lord we scorn,
And see his cross worse than his body torn;
We hate it now both for the Greek and Jew,
To us 'tis foolishness and scandal too.
To what with worship the fond papist falls,
That the fond zealot a curs'd idol calls:
So, 'twixt their double madness, here's the odds,
One makes false devils, t' other makes false gods.
It was not so when Edward prov'd his cause,
By a sword stronger than the salique laws,
Tho' fetch'd from Pharamond; when the French did fight,
With women's hearts, against the women's right.
The' afflicted Ocean his first conquest bore,
And drove red waves to the sad Gallic shore;
As if he 'ad angry with that element been,
Which his wide soul bound with an island in.
Where's now that spirit with which at Cressy we,
And Poictiers, forc'd from Fate a victory?
Two kings at once we brought sad captives home,
A triumph scarcely known to ancient Rome!
Two foreign kings: but now, alas! we strive,
Our own, our own good sovereign to captive!
It was not so when Agincourt was won;
Under great Henry serv'd the Rain and Sun:
A nobler fight the Sun himself ne'er knew,
Not when he stopt his course a fight to view!

Then Death's old archer did more skilful grow,
And learn'd to shoot more sure from the' English bow;
Then France was her own story sadly taught,
And felt how Cæsar and how Edward fought.
It was not so when that vast fleet of Spain
Lay torn and scatter'd on the English main;
Through the proud world a virgin terror strook;
The Austrian crowns, and Rome's seven hills, she shook!
To her great Neptune homag'd all his streams,
And all the wide-stretch'd ocean was her Thames.
Thus our forefathers fought, thus bravely bled,
Thus still they live, whilst we alive are dead;
Such acts they did, that Rome, and Cæsar too,
Might envy those whom once they did subdue.
We're not their offspring; sure our heralds lie;
But born we know not how, as now we die;
Their precious blood we could not venture thus:
Some Cadmus, sure, sow'd serpent's teeth for us;
We could not else by mutual fury fall,
Whilst Rhine and Sequan for our armies call:
Chuse war or peace, you have a prince, you know,
As fit for both, as both are fit for you;
Furious as lightning, when war's tempest came,
But calm in peace, calm as a lambent flame.
Have you forgot those happy years of late,
That saw nought ill, but us that were ingrate;
Such years, as if Earth's youth return'd had been,
And that old serpent, Time, had cast his skin?
As gloriously and gently did they move,
As the bright Sun that measures them above;
Then only in books the learn'd could misery see,
And the unlearn'd ne'er heard of misery.

Then happy James with as deep quiet reign'd,
As in his heavenly throne, by death, he gain'd;
And, lest this blessing with his life should cease,
He left us Charles, the pledge of future peace;
Charles, under whom, with much ado, no less
Than sixteen years we endur'd our happiness;
Till in a moment, in the North, we find
A tempest conjur'd up without a wind.
As soon the North her kindness did repent;
First the peace-maker, and next war, she sent.
Just Tweed, that now had with long peace forgot
On which side dwelt the English, which the Scot,
Saw glittering arms shine sadly on his face,
Whilst all the' affrighted fish sank down apace.
No blood did then from this dark quarrel grow,
It gave blunt wounds, that bled not out till now!
For Jove, who might have us'd his thundering power,
Chose to fall calmy in a golden shower!
A way we found to conquer, which by none
Of all our thrifty ancestors was known;
So strangely prodigal of late we are,
We there buy peace, and here at home buy war.
How could a war so sad and barbarous please,
But first by slandering those blest days of peace?
Through all the excrements of state they pry,
Like emp'ricks, to find out a malady;
And then with desperate boldness they endeavour,
The' ague to cure by bringing in a fever:
The way is sure to expel some ill, no doubt;
The plague, we know, drives all diseases out.
What strange wild fears did every morning breed,
Till a strange fancy made us sick indeed!

And cowardice did valour's place supply,
Like those that kill themselves for fear to die!
What frantic diligence in these men appears,
That fear all ills, and act o'er all their fears!
Thus into war we scar'd ourselves; and who
But Aaron's sons, that the first trumpet blew?
Fond men! who knew not that they were to keep
For God, and not for sacrifice, their sheep!
The churches first this murderous doctrine sow,
And learn to kill, as well as bury now:
The marble tombs where our forefathers lie,
Sweated with dread of too much company;
And all their sleeping ashes shook for fear,
Lest thousand ghosts should come and shroud them there.

Petitions next from every town they frame,
To be restor'd to them from whom they came:
The same style all, and the same sense, does pen,
Alas! they allow set forms of prayer to men.
Oh happy we, if men would neither hear
Their studied form, nor God their sudden prayer.
They will be heard, and, in injustice wise,
The many headed rout for justice cries;
They call for blood, which now I fear does call
For blood again, much louder than they all.
In senseless clamours, and confused noise,
We lost that rare, and yet unconquer'd voice;
So, when the sacred Thracian lyre was drown'd
In the Bistonian women's mixen sound,
The wondering stones, that came before to hear,
Forgot themselves, and turn'd his murderers there.
The same loud storm blew the grave mitre down;
It blew down that, and with it shook the crown.

Then first a state, without a church, begun;
Comfort thyself, dear Church! for then 'twas done.
The same great storm to sea great Mary drove;
The sea could not such dangerous tempests move:
The same drove Charles into the North, and then
Would readilier far have driven him back again.
To fly from noise of tumults is no shame;
Ne'er will their armies force them to the same;
They all his castles, all his towns, invade,
He's a large prisoner in all England made!
He must not pass to Ireland's weeping shore;
The wounds these surgeons make must yield them more;
He must not conquer his lewd rebels there,
Lest he should learn by that to do it here.
The sea they subject next to their command;
The sea, that crowns our kings and all their land.
Thus poor they leave him, their base pride and scorn,
As poor as these, now mighty men, were born;
When straight whole armies meet in Charles's right;
A man would swear, that saw this alter'd state,
Kings were call'd gods because they could create
Vain men; 'tis Heaven this first assistance brings,
The same is Lord of Hosts that's King of Kings.
Had men forsook him, angels from above
(The' Assyrian did less their justice move)
Would all have muster'd in his righteous aid,
And thunder 'gainst your cannon would have play'd.
It needs not so, for man desires to right
Abus'd mankind, and wretches you must fight.

Wor'ster first saw 't, and trembled at the view;
Too well the ills of civil war she knew.
Twice did the flames of old her towers invade,
Twice call'd she in vain for her own Severn's aid.
Here first the rebel winds began to roar,
Brake loose from the just fetters which they bore;
Her mutinous waves above their shore did swell,
And the first storm of that dire winter fell.
But when the two great brethren once appear'd,
And their bright heads, like Leda's offspring, rear'd;
When those sea-calming sons from Jove were spied,
The winds all fled, the waves all sunk and died!
How fought great Rupert, with what rage and skill!
Enough to have conquer'd had his cause been ill!
Comely young man! and yet his dreadful sight
The rebels' blood to their faint hearts does fright.
In vain, alas! it seeks so weak defence;
For his keen sword brings it again from thence.
Yet grieves he at the laurels thence he bore;
Alas, poor prince! they'll fight with him no more;
His virtue 'll be eclips'd with too much fame,
Henceforth he will not conquer, but his name.
Here —— with tainted blood the field did stain,
By his own sacrilege, and 's country's curses, slain.
The first commander did Heaven's vengeance show,
And led the rebels' van to shades below.

On two fair hills both armies next are seen,
The' affrighted valley sighs and sweats between;
Here angels did with fair expectance stay,
And wish'd good things to a king as mild as they;
There fiends with hunger waiting did abide,
And cursed both, but spurr'd on the' guilty side.

Here stood Religion, her looks gently sage,
Aged, but much more comely for her age!
There Schism, old hag, tho' seeming young, appears,
As snakes by casting skins renew their years;
Undecent rags of several dyes she wore,
And in her hand torn liturgies she bore.
Here Loyalty an humble cross display'd,
And still, as Charles pass'd by, she bow'd and pray'd.
Sedition there her crimson banner spreads,
Shakes all her hands, and roars with all her heads:
Her knotty hairs were with dire serpents twist,
And every serpent at each other hiss'd.
Here stood white Truth, and her own host does bless,
Clad with those arms of proof, her nakedness;
There perjuries like cannons roar aloud,
And lyes flew thick, like cannons' smoky cloud,
Here Learning and the' Arts met; as much they fear'd
As when the Hunns of old and Goths appear'd.
What should they do? Unapt themselves to fight,
They promis'd noble pens the acts to write.
There ignorance advanc'd, and joy'd to spy
So many that durst fight they know not why;
From those who most the slow-soul'd monks disdain,
From those she hopes the monks' dull age again.
Here Mercy waits, with sad but gentle look,
Never, alas! had she her Charles forsook!
For mercy on her friends to Heaven she cries,
Whilst Justice pulls down vengeance from the skies.

Oppression there, Rapine, and Murder, stood,
Ready, as was the field, to drink their blood:
A thousand wronged spirits amongst them moan'd,
And thrice the ghost of mighty Strafford groan'd.
Now flew their cannon thick through wounded air,
Sent to defend, and kill, their sovereign there.
More than he them, thebullets fear'd his head,
And at his feet lay innocently dead;
They knew not what those men that sent them meant,
And acted their pretence, not their intent.
This was the day, this the first day, that show'd
How much to Charles for our long peace we ow'd:
By this skill here, and spirit, we understood,
From war nought kept him but his country's good.
In his great looks what chearful anger shone!
Sad war, and joyful triumphs, mix'd in one.
In the same beams of his majestic eye,
His own men life, his foes did death, espy.
Great Rupert this, that wing great Wilmot leads,
White-feather'd Conquest flies o'er both their heads.
They charge, as if alone they'd beat the foe,
Whether their troops follow'd them up or no.
They follow close, and haste into the fight,
As swift as straight the rebels make their flight.
So swift the miscreants fly, as if each fear
And jealousy they fram'd had met them there.
They heard war's music, and away they flew,
The trumpets fright worse than the organs do.
Their souls, which still new bye-ways do invent,
Out at their wounded backs perversely went.

Pursue no more; ye noble victors, stay,
Lest too much conquest lose so brave a day!
For still the battle sounds behind, and Fate
Will not give all; but sets us here a rate:
Too dear a rate she sets; and we must pay
One honest man for ten such knaves as they.
Streams of black tainted blood the field besmear,
But pure, well-colour'd drops shine here and there;
They scorn to mix with floods of baser veins,
Just as the nobler moisture oil disdains.
Thus fearless Lindsey, thus bold Aubigny,
Amidst the corpse of slaughter'd rebels lie:
More honourably than —— e'er was found,
With troops of living traitors circled round.
Rest, valiant souls, in peace! ye sacred pair,
And all whose deaths attended on you there,
You're kindly welcom'd to Heaven's peaceful coast,
By all the reverend martyrs' noble host:
Your soaring souls they meet with triumph, all
Led by great Stephen, their old general.
Go,——, now prefer thy flourishing state
Above those murder'd heroes' doleful fate;
Enjoy that life which thou durst basely save,
And thought'st a saw-pit nobler than a grave.
Thus many sav'd themselves, and night the rest,
Night, that agrees with their dark actions best.
A dismal shade did Heaven's sad face o'erflow,
Dark as the night slain rebels found below:
No gentle stars their chearful glories rear'd,
Asham'd they were at what was done, and fear'd
Lest wicked men their bold excuse should frame
From some strange influence, and so veil their shame.

To Duty thus, Order and Law incline,
They who ne'er err from one eternal line;
As just the ruin of these men they thought,
As Sisera's was, 'gainst whom themselves had fought.
Still they rebellion's ends remember well,
Since Lucifer the great, their shining captain, fell.
For this the bells they ring, and not in vain;
Well might they all ring out for thousands slain:
For this the bonfires their glad lightness spread,
When funeral flames might more befit their dead:
For this with solemn thanks they tire their God,
And, whilst they feel it, mock th' Almighty's rod;
They proudly now abuse his justice more,
Than his long mercies they abus'd before.
Yet these the men that true religion boast,
The pure and holy, holy, holy, host!
What great reward for so much zeal is given?
Why, Heaven has thank'd them since as they thank'd Heaven.

Witness thou, Brentford, say, thou ancient town,
How many in thy streets fell grovelling down:
Witness the red-coats weltering in their gore,
And dy'd anew into the name they bore:
Witness their men blow'd up into the air.
(All elements their ruins joy'd to share);
In the wide air quick flames their bodies tore,
Then, drown'd in waves, they're tost by waves to shore:
Witness thou, Thames, thou wast amaz'd to see
Men madly run to save themselves in thee;
In vain, for rebels' lives thou would'st not save,
And down they sunk beneath thy conquering wave.
Good, reverend Thames! the best-belov'd of all
Those noble blood that meet at Neptune's hall;

London's proud towers, which do thy head adorn,
Are not thy glory now, but grief and scorn.
Thou griev'st to see the white nam'd palace shine,
Without the beams of its own lord and thine:
Thy lord, which is to all as good and free,
As thou, kind flood! to thine own banks canst be.
How does thy peaceful back disdain to bear
The rebels' busy pride at Westminster!
Thou, who thyself dost without murmuring pay
Eternal tribute to thy prince, the Sea.
To Oxford next great Charles in triumph came,
Oxford, the British Muses' second fame.
Here Learning with some state and reverence looks,
And dwells in buildings lasting as her books;
Both now eternal, but they 'ad ashes been,
Had these religious Vandals once got in.
Not Bodley's noble work their rage would spare,
For books they know the chief malignants are.
In vain they silence every age before;
For pens of time to come will wound them more!
The temple's decent wealth, and modest state,
Had suffer'd; this their avarice, that their hate:
Beggary and scorn into the church they'd bring,
And made God glorious, as they made the king:
O happy town, that to lov'd Charles's sight,
In those sad times, gav'st safety and delight,
The fate which civil war itself doth bless!
Scarce would'st thou change for peace this happiness.
'Midst all the joys which Heaven allows thee here;
Think on thy sister, and then shed a tear.
What fights did this sad Winter see each day,
Her winds and storms came not so thick as they!

Yet nought these far-lost rebels could recall,
Not Marlborough's nor Cirencester's fall.
Yet still for peace the gentle conqueror sues;
By his wrath they perish, yet his love refuse.
Nor yet is the plain lesson understood,
Writ by kind Heaven in B— and H—'s blood.
Chad and his church saw where their enemy lay,
And with just red new mark'd their holy-day.
Fond men! this blow the injur'd crosier strook;
Nought was more fit to perish, but thy book.
Such fatal vengeance did wrong'd Charlegrove shew,
Where —— both begun and ended too
His curs'd rebellion; where his soul's repaid
With separation, great as that he made.
——, whose spirit mov'd o'er this mighty frame
O' th' British isle, and out this chaos came.
——, the man that taught confusion's art;
His treasons restless, and yet noiseless heart.
His active brain like Etna's top appear'd,
Where treason's forg'd, yet no noise outward heard.
'Twas he contriv'd whate'er bold M— said,
And all the popular noise that P— has made;
'Twas he that taught the zealous rout to rise,
And be his slaves for some feign'd liberties:
Him for this black design, Hell thought most fit;
Ah! wretched man, curs'd by too good a wit!
If not all this your stubborn hearts can fright,
Think on the West, think on the Cornish might:
The Saxon fury, to that far-stretch'd place,
Drove the torn relics of great Brutus' race:
Here they of old did in long safety lie,
Compass'd with seas, and a worse enemy;
Ne'er till this time, ne'er did they meet with foes
More cruel and more barbarous than those.

Ye noble Britons, who so oft with blood
Of Pagan hosts have dy'd old Tamar's flood;
If any drop of mighty Uther still,
Or Uther's mightier son, your veins does fill;
Show then that spirit, till all men think by you
The doubtful tales of your great Arthur true:
You 'ave shown it, Britons, and have often done
Things that have cheer'd the weary, setting Sun.
Again did Tamar your dread arms behold,
As just and as successful as the old:
It kiss'd the Cornish banks, and vow'd to bring
His richest waves to feed th' ensuing spring;
But murmur'd sadly, and almost deny'd
All fruitful moisture to the Devon side.
Ye sons of war, by whose bold acts we see
How great a thing exalted man may be;
The world remains your debtor, that as yet
Ye have not all gone forth and conquer'd it.
I knew that Fate some wonders for you meant,
When matchless Hopton to your coasts she sent;
Hopton! so wise, he needs not Fortune's aid,
So fortunate, his wisdom's useless made:
Should his so often-tried companions fail,
His spirit alone, and courage, would prevail.
Miraculous man! how would I sing thy praise,
Had any Muse crown'd me with half the bays
Conquest hath given to thee; and next thy name
Should Berkely, Stanning, Digby, press to fame.
Godolphin! thee, thee Grenville! I'd rehearse,
But tears break off my verse!—
How oft has vanquish'd Stamford backward fled;
Swift as the parted souls of those he led!
How few did his huge multitudes defeat,
For most are cyphers when the number's great!

Numbers, alas! of men, that made no more
Than he himself ten thousand times told o'er.
Who hears of Streatton-fight, but must confess
All that he heard or read before was less;
Sad Germany can no such trophy boast,
For all the blood this twenty years she 'as lost.
Vast was their army, and their arms were more
Than th' host of hundred-handed giants bore.
So strong their arms, it did almost appear
Secure, had neither arms nor men been there.
In Hopton breaks, in break the Cornish powers,
Few, and scarce arm'd, yet was th' advantage ours:
What doubts could be, their outward strength to win,
When we bore arms and magazine within?
The violent sword's outdid the musket's ire;
It strook the bones, and there gave dreadful fire:
We scorn'd their thunder; and the reeking blade
A thicker smoke than all their cannon made;
Death and loud tumults fill'd the place around
With fruitless rage; fall'n rebels bite the ground!
The arms we gain'd were wealth, bodies o' th' foe,
All that a full-fraught victory can bestow!
Yet stays not Hopton thus, but still proceeds;
Pursues himself through all his glorious deeds:
With Hertford and the prince he joins his fate
(The Belgian trophies on their journey wait);
The prince, who oft had check'd proud W—'s fame,
And fool'd that flying conqueror's empty name;
Till by his loss that fertile monster thriv'd;
This serpent cut in parts rejoin'd and liv'd:

It liv'd, and would have stung us deeper yet,
But that bold Grenville its whole fury met;
He sold, like Decius, his devoted breath,
And left the commonwealth heir to his death.
Hail, mighty ghost! look from on high, and see
How much our hands and swords remember thee!
At Roundway Heath, our rage at thy great fall
Whet all our spirits, and made us Grenvilles all.
One thousand horse beat all their numerous power;
Bless me! and where was then their conqueror?
Coward of fame, he flies in haste away;
Men, arms, and name, leaves us, the victors' prey.
What meant those iron regiments which he brought,
That moving statues seem'd, and so they fought?
No way for death but by disease appear'd,
Cannon, and mines, and siege, they scarcely fear'd:
Till, 'gainst all hopes, they proved in this sad fight
Too weak to stand, and yet too slow for flight.
The Furies howl'd aloud through trembling air;
Th' astonish'd snakes fell sadly from their hair:
To Lud's proud town their hasty flight they took,
The towers and temples at their entrance shook.
In vain their loss they attempted to disguise,
And mustered up new troops of fruitless lyes:
God fought himself, nor could th' event be less;
Bright Conquest walks the fields in all her dress.
Could this white day a gift more grateful bring?
Oh yes! it brought bless'd Mary to the king!
In Keynton field they met; at once they view
Their former victory, and enjoy anew:
Keynton, the place that Fortune did approve,
To be the noblest scene of war and love.
Through the glad vale ten thousand Cupids fled,
And chas'd the wandering spirits of rebels dead;

Still the lewd scent of powder did they fear,
And scatter'd eastern smells through all the air.
Look, happy mount! look well! for this is she,
That toil'd and travell'd for thy victory:
Thy flourishing head to her with reverence bow;
To her thou ow'st that fame which crowns thee now.
From far-stretch'd shores they felt her spirit and might;
Princes and God at any distance fight.
At her return well might she a conquest have!
Whose very absence such a conquest gave.—
This in the West; nor did the North bestow
Less cause their usual gratitude to show:
With much of state brave Cavendish led them forth,
As swift and fierce as tempest from the north;
Cavendish! whom every Grace, and every Muse,
Kiss'd at his birth, and for their own did choose:
So good a wit they meant not should excel
In arms; but now they see't and like it well:
So large is that rich empire of his heart,
Well may they rest contented with a part.
How soon he forc'd the northern clouds to flight,
And struck confusion into form and light!
Scarce did the Power Divine in fewer days
A peaceful world out of a chaos raise.
Bradford and Leeds prop'd up their sinking fame;
They bragg'd of hosts, and Fairfax was a name.
Leeds, Bradford, Fairfax' powers are straight their own,
As quickly as they vote men overthrown:
Boötes from his wain look'd down below,
And saw our victory move not half so slow.

I see the gallant earl break through the foes;
In dust and sweat how gloriously he shows!
I see him lead the pikes; what will he do?
Defend him, Heaven! oh, whither will he go?
Up to the cannon's mouth he leads! in vain
They speak loud death, and threaten, till they're ta'en.
So Capaneus two armies fill'd with wonder,
When he charg'd Jove, and grappled with his thunder:
Both hosts with silence and with terror shook,
As if not he, but they, were thunder-strook.
The courage here, and boldness, was no less;
Only the cause was better, and success.
Heaven will let nought be by their cannon done,
Since at Edgehill they sinn'd, and Burlington.
Go now, your silly calumnies repeat,
And make all papists whom you cannot beat!
Let the world know, some way, with whom you're vext,
And vote them Turks when they o'erthrow you next!
Why will you die, fond men! why will you buy
At this fond rate your country's slavery?
Is 't liberty? What are those threats we hear?*
Why do you thus th' old and new prison fill?
When that's the only why; because you will?
Fain would you make God too thus tyrannous be,
And damn poor men by such a stiff decree.
Is 't property? Why do such numbers, then,
From God beg vengeance, and relief from men?

* A line is here evidently wanting; but the defect is in all the copies hitherto known.

Why are th' estates and goods seiz'd on, of all
Whom covetous or malicious men miscall?
What's more our own than our own lives? But oh
Could Yeomans or could Bourchier find it so?
The barbarous coward, always us'd to fly,
Did know no other way to see men die.
Or is 't religion? What then mean your lyes,
Your sacrileges, and pulpit blasphemies?
Why are all sects let loose that ere had birth,
Since Luther's noise wak'd the lethargic Earth?

The Author went no further.

THE PURITAN AND THE PAPIST.

A SATIRE.

So two rude waves, by storms together thrown,
Roar at each other, fight, and then grow one.
Religion is a circle; men contend,
And run the round in dispute, without end;
Now, in a circle who go contrary,
Must, at the last, meet of necessity.
The Roman Catholic, to advance the cause,
Allows a lye, and calls it pia fraus;
The Puritan approves and does the same,
Dislikes nought in it but the Latin name:
He flows with his devices, and dares lye
In very deed, in truth, and verity.
He whines, and sighs out lyes with so much ruth,
As if he griev'd 'cause he could ne'er speak truth.
Lyes have possess'd the press so, as their due,
'Twill scarce, I fear, henceforth print Bibles true.

Lyes for their next strong fort ha' th' pulpit chose;
There they throng out at th' preacher's mouth and nose,
And, howe'er gross, are certain to beguile
The poor book-turners of the middle isle;
Nay, to th' Almighty's self they have been bold,
To lye; and their blasphemous minister told,
They might say false to God; for if they were
Beaten, he knew't not, for he was not there.
But God, who their great thankfulness did see,
Rewards them straight with another victory,
Just such an one as Brentford; and, sans doubt,
Will weary, ere 't be long, their gratitude out.
Not all the legends of the saints of old,
Not vast Baronius, nor sly Surius, hold
Such plenty of apparent lyes as are
In your own author, Jo. Browne, Cleric. Par.
Besides what your small poets said or writ,
Brooks, Strode, and the baron of the saw-pit:
With many a mental reservation,
You'll maintain liberty:—Reserv'd "your own,"
For th' public good the sums rais'd you'll disburse;
—Reserv'd "the greater part, for your own purse."
You'll root the Cavaliers out, every man;
—Faith, let it be reserv'd here "if ye can."
You'll make our gracious Charles a glorious king;
—Reserv'd "in heaven"--for thither ye would bring
His royal head; the only secure room
For kings; where such as you will never come.
To keep th' estates o' th' subjects you pretend;
—Reserv'd "in your own trunks." You will defend
The church of England, 'tis your protestation;
But that's "New-England" by a small reservation.

Power of dispensing oaths the Papists claim;
Case hath got leave of God to do the same:
For you do hate all swearing so, that when
You've sworn an oath, ye break it straight again.
A curse upon you! which hurts most these nations,
Cavaliers' swearing, or your protestations?
Nay, though oaths be by you so much abhor'd,
Y' allow "God damn me" in the Puritan Lord.
They keep the Bible from laymen; but ye
Avoid this, for ye have no laity.
They in a foreign and unknown tongue pray,
You in an unknown sense your prayers say;
So that this difference 'twixt you does ensue,—
Fools understand not them, not wise men you.
They an unprofitable zeal have got
Of invocating saints that hear them not:
'Twere well you did so; nought may more be fear'd,
In your fond prayers, than that they should be heard.
To them your nonsense well enough might pass,
They'd ne'er see that i' th' divine looking-glass.
Nay, whether you'd worship saints is not known,
For ye 'ave as yet, of your religion, none.
They by good-works think to be justifi'd:
You into the same error deeper slide;
You think by works too justifi'd to be,
And those ill-works—lyes, treason, perjury.
But, oh! your faith is mighty; that hath been,
As true faith ought to be, of things unseen:
At Wor'ster, Brentford, and Edgehill, we see,
Only by faith, ye've got the victory.
Such is your faith, and some such unseen way,
The public faith at last your debts will pay.

They hold free-will (that nought their souls may bind)
As the great privilege of all mankind:
You're here more moderate; for 'tis your intent
To make 't a privilege but of parliament.
They forbid priests to marry: you worse do;
Their marriage you allow, yet punish too;
For you'd make priests so poor, that upon all
Who marry scorn and beggary must fall.
They a bold power o'er sacred scriptures take,
Blot out some clauses, and some new ones make:
Your great lord Jesuit Brookes publickly said,
(Brookes, whom too little learning hath made mad)
That to correct the creed ye should do well,
And blot out Christ's descending into Hell.
Repent, wild man! or you'll near change I fear,
The sentence of your own descending there.
Yet modestly they use the Creed; for they
Would take the Lord's Prayer root and branch away:
And wisely said a Levite of our nation,
The Lords-Prayer was a popish innovation.
Take heed, you'll grant ere long it should be said,
An 't be but to desire your daily bread.
They keep the people ignorant: and you
Keep both the people and yourselves so too.
They blind obedience and blind duty teach:
You blind rebellion and blind faction preach;
Nor can I blame you much, that ye advance
That which can only save you, ignorance;
Though, Heaven be prais'd! 't has oft been proved well,
Your ignorance is not invincible:

Nay such bold lyes to God himself ye vaunt,
As if you'd fain keep him too ignorant.
  Limbus and Purgatory they believe,
For lesser sinners; that is, I conceive,
Malignants only: you this trick does please;
For the same cause ye'ave made new Limbuses,
Where we may lie imprison'd long, ere we
A day of judgment in your courts shall see.
But Pym can, like the pope, with this dispense,
And for a bribe deliver souls from thence.
  Their councils claim infallibility:
Such must your conventicle-synod be;
And teachers from all parts of th' Earth ye call,
To make't a council oecumenical.
  They several times appoint from meats' t' abstain
You now for th' Irish wars a fast ordain;
And, that that kingdom might be sure to fast,
Ye take a course to starve them all at last:
Nay, though ye keep no eves, Fridays, nor Lent,
Not to dress meat on Sundays you're content;
Then you repeat, repeat, and pray, and pray,
Your teeth keep sabbath, and tongues working day.
  They preserve relics: you have few or none,
Unless the clout sent to John Pym be one;
Or Holles's rich widow, she who carry'd
A relic in her womb before she marry'd.
  They in succeeding Peter take a pride:
So do you; for your master ye'ave deny'd.
But chiefly Peter's privilege ye choose,
At your own wills to bind and to unloose.
He was a fisherman; you'll be so too,
When nothing but your ships are left to you:

He went to Rome; to Rome you backward ride,
(Though both your goings are by some deny'd)
Nor is 't a contradiction, if we say,
You go to Rome the quite contrary way.
He dy'd o' th' cross; that death's unusual now;
The gallows is most like't, and that's for you.
They love church-music; it offends your sense,
And therefore ye have sung it out from thence;
Which shows, if right your mind be understood,
You hate it not as music, but as good;
Your madness makes you sing as much as they
Dance who are bit with a tarantula.
But do not to yourselves, alas! appear
The most religious traitors that e'er were,
Because your troops singing of psalms do go;
There's many a traitor has march'd Holborn so.
Nor was't your wit this holy project bore;
Tweed and the Tyne have seen those tricks before.
They of strange miracles and wonders tell:
You are yourselves a kind of miracle;
Ev'n such a miracle as in writ divine
We read o'—th' Devil's hurrying down the swine.
They have made images to speak: 'tis said,
You a dull image have your speaker made;
And, that your bounty in offerings might abound,
Ye 'ave to that idol giv'n six thousand pound.
They drive out devils, they say: here ye begin
To differ, I confess—you let them in.
They maintain transubstantiation;
You by a contrary philosophers-stone,
To transubstantiate metals have the skill,
And turn the kingdom's gold to ir'n and steel.
I' th' sacrament ye differ; but 'tis noted,
Bread must be flesh, wine blood, if e'er 't be voted.

They make the pope their head: y' exalt for him,
Primate and metropolitan, master Pym;
Nay, White, who sits i' th' infallible chair,
And most infallibly speaks nonsense there;
Nay, Cromwell, Pury, Whistler, sir John Wray,
He who does say, and say, and say, and say;
Nay, Lowry, who does new church-government wish,
And prophesies, like Jonas, 'midst the fish:
Who can such various business wisely sway,
Handling both herrings and bishops in one day:
Nay, all your preachers, women, boys, and men,
From master Calamy to mistress Ven,
Are perfect popes, in their own parish, grown;
For, to out-do the story of pope Joan,
Your women preach too, and are like to be
The whores of Babylon as much as she.
They depose kings by force: by force you'd do it,
But first use fair means to persuade them to it.
They dare kill kings: and 'twixt ye here's the strife,
That you dare shoot at kings to save their life:
And what's the difference, pray, whether he fall
By the Pope's Bull or your Ox general?
Three kingdoms thus ye strive to make your own,
And, like the pope, usurp a triple crown.
Such is your faith, such your religion;
Let's view your manners now, and then I've done.
Your covetousness let gasping Ireland tell,
Where first the Irish lands, and next ye sell
The English blood, and raise rebellion here
With that which should suppress and quench it there.

What mighty sums have ye squeez'd out o' th' city?
Enough to make them poor, and something witty.
Excise, loans, contributions, poll-monics,
Bribes, plunder, and such parliament priv'leges,
Are words which you ne'er learnt in holy writ,
Till th' spirit, and your synod mended it.
Where's all the twentieth part now, which hath been
Paid you by some, to forfeit the nineteen?
Where's all the goods distrain'd, and plunders past?
For you're grown wretched pilfering knaves at last;
Descend to brass and pewter, till of late,
Like Midas, all ye touch'd must needs be plate.
By what vast hopes is your ambition fed?
'Tis writ in blood, and may be plainly read:
You must have places, and the kingdom sway;
The king must be a ward to your lord Say.
Your innocent speaker to the Rolls must rise;
Six thousand pound hath made him proud and wise.
Kimbolton for his father's place doth call,
Would be like him;—would he were, face and all!
Isaack would always be lord mayor; and so
May always be, as much as he is now.
For the five members, they so richly thrive,
That they would always be but members five.
Only Pym does his natural right enforce,
By th' mother's side he's master of the horse.
Most shall have places by these popular tricks,
The rest must be content with bishoprics.
For 'tis 'gainst superstition you're intent;
First to root out that great church-ornament,
Money and lands: your swords, alas! are drawn
Against the bishop, not his cap or lawn.

O let not such lewd sacrilege begin,
Tempted by Henry's rich, successful sin!
Henry! the monster-king of all that age;
Wild in his lust, but wilder in his rage.
Expect not you his fate, though Hotham thrives
In imitating Henry's tricks for wives;
Nor fewer churches hopes, than wives, to see
Buried, and then their lands his own to be.
Ye boundless tyrants! how do you outvy
Th' Athenians' Thirty, Rome's Decemviry!
In rage, injustice, cruelty, as far
Above those men, as you in number are.
What mysteries of iniquity do we see!
New prisons made to defend liberty?
Our goods forc'd from us for property's sake;
And all the real nonsense which we make!
Ship-money was unjustly ta'en ye say;
Unjustlier far, you take the ships away.
The High Commission you call'd tyranny:
Ye did! good God! what is the High Committee?
Ye said that gifts and bribes preferments bought:
By money and blood too they now are sought.
To the king's will, the laws men strove to draw:
The subject's will is now become the law.
'Twas fear'd a new religion would begin:
All new religions, now, are enter'd in.
The king delinquents to protect did strive:
What clubs, pikes, halberts, lighters, sav'd the Five!
You think th' parl'ment like your state of grace;
Whatever sins men do, they keep their place.
Invasions then were fear'd against the state;
And Strode swore last year* would be eighty-eight.

* Viz. 1642.

You bring in foreign aid to your designs,
First those great foreign forces of divines,
With which ships from America were fraught;
Rather may stinking tobacco still be brought
From thence, I say; next, ye the Scots invite,
Which you term brotherly-assistance, right;
For England you intend with them to share;
They, who, alas! but younger brothers are,
Must have the monies for their portion;
The houses and the lands will be your own.
We thank you for the wounds which we endure,
Whilst scratches and slight pricks ye seek to cure;
We thank you for true real fears, at last,
Which free us from so many false ones past;
We thank you for the blood which fats our coast,
As a just debt paid to great Strafford's ghost;
We thank you for the ills receiv'd, and all
Which yet by your good care in time we shall;
We thank you, and our gratitude's as great
As yours, when you thank'd God for being beat.

THE CHARACTER OF AN HOLY-SISTER.

She that can sit three sermons in a day,
And of those three scarce bear three words away;
She that can rob her husband, to repair
A budget-priest, that noses a long prayer;
She that with lamp-black purifies her shoes,
And with half-eyes and bible softly goes;
She that her pockets with lay-gospel stuffs,
And edifies her looks with little ruffs;
She that loves sermons as she does the rest,
Still standing stiff that longest are the best;
She that will lye, yet swear she hates a lyar,
Except it be the man that will lie by her;

She that at christenings thirsteth for more sack,
And draws the broadest handkerchief for cake;
She that sings psalms devoutly next the street,
And beats her maid i' th' kitchen, where none see't;
She that will sit in shop for five hours space,
And register the sins of all that pass,
Damn at first sight, and proudly dares to say,
That none can possibly be sav'd but they
That hang religion in a naked ear,
And judge men's hearts according to their hair;
That could afford to doubt, who wrote best sense,
Moses, or Dod, on the commandements:
She that can sigh, and cry "Queen Elizabeth,"
Rail at the pope, and scratch out "sudden death:"
And for all this can give no reason why:
This is an holy-sister, verily.

ANACREONTIQUES:

OR

SOME COPIES OF VERSES,

TRANSLATED PARAPHRASTICALLY OUT OF ANACREON.

I. LOVE.

I'LL sing of heroes and of kings
In mighty numbers, mighty things.
Begin, my muse! but lo! the strings
To my great song rebellious prove;
The strings will sound of nought but love.
I broke them all, and put on new;
'Tis this or nothing sure will do.
These sure (said I) will me obey;
These, sure, heroic notes will play.
Straight I began with thundering Jove,
And all th' immortal powers; but Love,
Love smil'd, and from m' enfeebled lyre
Came gentle airs, such as inspire
Melting love and soft desire.
Farewell then, heroes! farewell, kings!
And mighty numbers, mighty things;
Love tunes my heart just to my strings.

II. DRINKING.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again,
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy Sun (and one would guess
By 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and, when he 'as done,
The Moon and stars drink up the Sun:
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature 's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

III. BEAUTY.

Liberal Nature did dispense
To all things arms for their defence;
And some she arms with sinewy force,
And some with swiftness in the course;
Some with hard hoofs or forked claws,
And some with horns or tusked jaws:
And some with scales, and some with wings,
And some with teeth, and some with stings.

Wisdom to man she did afford,
Wisdom for shield, and wit for sword.
What to beauteous womankind,
What arms, what armour, has sh' assign'd?
Beauty is both; for with the fair
What arms, what armour, can compare?
What steel, what gold, or diamond,
More impassible is found?
And yet what flame, what lightning, e'er
So great an active force did bear?
They are all weapon, and they dart
Like porcupines from every part.
Who can, alas! their strength express,
Arm'd, when they themselves undress,
Cap-a-pie with nakedness?

IV. THE DUEL.

Yes, I will love then, I will love;
I will not now Love's rebel prove,
Though I was once his enemy;
Though ill-advis'd and stubborn I,
Did to the combat him defy.
An helmet, spear, and mighty shield,
Like some new Ajax, I did wield.
Love in one hand his bow did take,
In th' other hand a dart did shake:
But yet in vain the dart did throw,
In vain he often drew the bow;
So well my armour did resist,
So oft by flight the blow I mist:
But when I thought all danger past,
His quiver empty'd quite at last,
Instead of arrow or of dart
He shot himself into my heart.

The living and the killing arrow
Ran through the skin, the flesh, the blood,
And broke the bones, and scorch'd the marrow,
No trench of work or life withstood.
In vain I now the walls maintain;
I set out guards and scouts in vain;
Since th' enemy does within remain.
In vain a breast-plate now I wear,
Since in my breast the foe I bear;
In vain my feet their swiftness try;
For from the body can they fly?

V. AGE.

Oft am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon! thou grow'st old:
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know;
This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live, if I grow old;
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

VI. THE ACCOUNT.

When all the stars are by thee told,
(The endless sums of heavenly gold);
Or when the hairs are reckon'd all,
From sickly Autumn's head that fall;
Or when the drops that make the sea,
Whilst all her sands thy counters be;
Thou then, and thou alone, may'st prove
Th' arithmetician of my love.

An hundred loves at Athens score,
At Corinth write an hundred more;
Fair Corinth does such beauties bear,
So few is an escaping there.
Write then at Chios seventy-three;
Write then at Lesbos (let me see)
Write me at Lesbos ninety down,
Full ninety loves, and half a one.
And, next to these, let me present
The fair Ionian regiment;
And next the Carian company;
Five hundred both effectively.
Three hundred more at Rhodes and Crete;
Three hundred 'tis, I'm sure, complete;
For arms at Crete each face does bear,
And every eye's an archer there.
Go on: this stop why dost thou make?
Thou think'st perhaps that I mistake.
Seems this to thee too great a sum?
Why many thousands are to come;
The mighty Xerxes could not boast
Such different nations in his host.
On; for my love, if thou be'st weary,
Must find some better secretary.
I have not yet my Persian told,
Nor yet my Syrian loves enroll'd,
Nor Indian, nor Arabian;
Nor Cyprian loves, nor African;
Nor Scythian nor Italian flames;
There's a whole map behind of names
Of gentle loves i' th' temperate zone,
And cold ones in the frigid one,
Cold frozen loves, with which I pine,
And parched loves beneath the line.

VII. GOLD.

A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pains, the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now, nor noble blood,
Nor wit by love is understood;
Gold alone does passion move,
Gold monopolizes love;
A curse on her, and on the man,
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse, all curses else above,
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold in families debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it!
Gold, alas! does love beget.

VIII. THE EPICURE.

FILL the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine!
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.

To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish, at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

IX. ANOTHER.

Underneath this myrtle shade,
On flowery beds supinely laid,
With odorous oils my head o'er-flowing,
And around it roses growing,
What should I do but drink away
The heat and troubles of the day?
In this more than kingly state
Love himself shall on me wait.
Fill to me, Love, nay fill it up;
And mingled cast into the cup
Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
Vigorous health and gay desires.
The wheel of life no less will stay
In a smooth than rugged way:
Since it equally doth flee,
Let the motion pleasant be.
Why do we precious ointments show'r?
Nobler wines why do we pour?
Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
Upon the monuments of the dead?
Nothing they but dust can show,
Or bones that hasten to be so.
Crown me with roses whilst I live,
Now your wines and ointments give;

After death I nothing crave,
Let me alive my pleasures have,
All are Stoies in the grave.

X. THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compar'd to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing;
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants, belong to thee;
All that summer-hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy;
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect, happy thou!
Dost neither age nor winter know;

But, when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

XI. THE SWALLOW.

Foolish Prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do,
With thy tuneless serenade?
Well 't had been had Tereus made
Thee as dumb as Philomel;
There his knife had done but well.
In thy undiscovered nest
Thou dost all the winter rest,
And dreamest o'er thy summer joys,
Free from the stormy seasons' noise:
Free from th' ill thou'st done to me;
Who disturbs or seeks out thee?
Hadst thou all the charming notes
Of the wood's poetic throats,
All thy art could never pay
What thou hast ta'en from me away.
Cruel bird! thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day;
A dream that ne'er must equall'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou, this damage to repair,
Nothing half so sweet or fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Though men say thou bring'st the Spring.

ELEGY UPON ANACREON,

WHO WAS CHOAKED BY A GRAPE-STONE.

Spoken by the god of Love.

How shall I lament thine end,
My best servant and my friend?
Nay, and, if from a deity
So much deified as I,
It sound not too profane and odd,
Oh, my master and my god!
For 'tis true, most mighty poet!
(Though I like not men should know it)
I am in naked Nature less,
Less by much, than in thy dress.
All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows
Of my mother's doves or sparrows,
Sweet as lovers' freshest kisses,
Or their riper following blisses,
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound;
And thy life was all the while
Kind and gentle as thy style,
The smooth-pac'd hours of every day
Glided numerously away.
Like thy verse each hour did pass;
Sweet and short, like that, it was.
  Some do but their youth allow me,
Just what they by Nature owe me,
The time that's mine, and not their own,
The certain tribute of my crown:

When they grow old, they grow to be
Too busy, or too wise, for me.
Thou wert wiser, and didst know
None too wise for love can grow;
Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Close as heat with fire is join'd;
A powerful brand prescrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's, fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage;
Thy silver hairs yielded me more
Than even golden curls before.
  Had I the power of creation,
As I have of generation,
Where I the matter must obey,
And cannot work plate out of clay,
My creatures should be all like thee,
'Tis thou shouldst their idea be:
They, like thee, should thoroughly hate
Business, honour, title, state;
Other wealth they should not know,
But what my living mines bestow;
The pomp of kings, they should confess,
At their crownings, to be less
Than a lover's humblest guise,
When at his mistress' feet he lies.
Rumour they no more should mind
Than men safe landed do the wind;
Wisdom itself they should not hear,
When it presumes to be severe;
Beauty alone they should admire,
Nor look at Fortune's vain attire,
Nor ask what parents it can shew;
With dead or old 't has nought to do.

They should not love yet all, or any,
But very much and very many:
All their life should guilded be
With mirth, and wit, and gaiety:
Well remembering and applying
The necessity of dying.
Their cheerful heads should always wear
All that crowns the flowery year:
They should always laugh, and sing,
And dance, and strike th' harmonious string;
Verse should from their tongue so flow,
As if it in the mouth did grow,
As swiftly answering their command,
As tunes obey the artful hand.
And whilst I do thus discover
Th' ingredients of a happy lover,
'Tis, my Anacreon! for thy sake
I of the Grape no mention make.
  Till my Anacreon by thee fell,
Cursed Plant! I lov'd thee well;
And 'twas oft my wanton use
To dip my arrows in thy juice.
Cursed Plant! 'tis true, I see,
Th' old report that goes of thee—
That with giants' blood the Earth
Stain'd and poison'd gave thee birth;
And now thou wreak'st thy ancient spite
On men in whom the gods delight.
Thy patron, Bacchus, 'tis no wonder,
Was brought forth in flames and thunder;
In rage, in quarrels, and in fights,
Worse than his tigers, he delights;
In all our Heaven I think there be
No such ill-natur'd god as he.

Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine!
To be the Muses' friend and mine:
With love and wit thou dost begin,
False fires, alas! to draw us in;
Which, if our course we by them keep,
Misguide to madness or to sleep:
Sleep were well; thou 'ast learnt a way
To death itself now to betray.
  It grieves me when I see what fate
Does on the best of mankind wait.
Poets or lovers let them be,
'Tis neither love nor poesy
Can arm, against Death's smallest dart,
The poet's head or lover's heart;
But when their life, in its decline,
Touches th' inevitable line,
All the world's mortal to them then,
And wine is aconite to men;
Nay, in Death's hand, the grape-stone proves
As strong as thunder is in Jove's.

PINDARIC ODES,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE

STYLE AND MANNER

OF THE

ODES OF PINDAR.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.
Hor. I. *Ep.* iii. 3.

PREFACE.

If a man should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought, that one madman had translated another; as may appear, when he that understands not the original, reads the verbal traduction of him into Latin prose, than which nothing seems more raving. And sure, rhyme, without the addition of wit, and the spirit of poetry, (quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum) would but make it ten times more distracted than it is in prose. We must consider in Pindar the great dif-

ference of time betwixt his age and ours, which changes, as in pictures, at least the colours of poetry; the no less difference betwixt the religions and customs of our countries; and a thousand particularities of places, persons, and manners, which do but confusedly appear to our eyes at so great a distance. And lastly (which were enough alone for my purpose) we must consider, that our ears are strangers to the music of his numbers, which, sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet; for though the grammarians and critics have laboured to reduce his verses into regular fect and measures (as they have also those of the Greek and Latin comedies) yet in effect they are little better than prose to our ears. And I would gladly know what applause our best pieces of English poesy could expect from a Frenchman or Italian, if converted faithfully, and word for word, into French or Italian prose. And when we have considered all this, we must needs confess, that, after all these losses sustained by Pindar, all we can add to him by our wit or invention (not deserting still his subject) is not like to make him a richer man than he was in his own country. This is in some measure to be applied to all translations: and the not observing of it, is the cause that all which ever I yet saw are so much inferior to their originals. The like happens too in pictures, from the same root of exact imitation; which, being a vile and unworthy kind of servitude, is incapable of producing any thing good or noble. I have seen originals, both in painting and poesy, much more beautiful than their natural objects; but I never saw a copy better than the original:

which indeed cannot be otherwise; for men resolving in no case to shoot beyond the mark, it is a thousand to one if they shoot not short of it. It does not at all trouble me, that the grammarians, perhaps, will not suffer this libertine way of rendering foreign authors to be called translation; for I am not so much enamoured of the name translator, as not to wish rather to be something better, though it want yet a name. I speak not so much all this, in defence of my manner of translating, or imitating, (or what other title they please) the two ensuing Odes of Pindar; for that would not deserve half these words; as by this occasion to rectify the opinion of divers men upon this matter. The Psalms of David (which I believe to have been in their original, to the Hebrews of his time, though not to our Hebrews of Buxtorfius's making, the most exalted pieces of poesy) are a great example of what I have said; all the translators of which, (even Mr. Sandys himself; for in despite of popular error, I will be bold not to except him) for this very reason, that they have not sought to supply the lost excellencies of another language with new ones in their own, are so far from doing honour, or at least justice, to that divine poet, that methinks they revile him worse than Shimei. And Buchanan himself (though much the best of them all, and indeed a great person) comes in my opinion no less short of David, than his country does of Judea. Upon this ground I have, in these two Odes of Pindar, taken, left out, and added, what I please; nor make it so much my aim to let the reader know precisely what he spoke, as what was his way and manner of speaking; which has not been yet (that

I know of) introduced into English, though it be the noblest and highest kind of writing in verse; and which might, perhaps, be put into the list of Paneirolus, among the lost inventions of antiquity. This essay is but to try how it will look in an English habit: for which experiment I have chosen one of his Olympic, and another of his Nemæan Odes; which are as followeth.

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE OF PINDAR.

Written in praise of Theron, prince of Agrigentum (a famous city in Sicily, built by his ancestors) who, in the seventy-seventh Olympic, won the chariot-prize. He is commended from the nobility of his race, (whose story is often touch on) from his great riches, (an ordinary common-place in Pindar) from his hospitality, munificence, and other virtues. The Ode (according to the constant custom of the poet) consists more in digressions, than in the main subject: and the reader must not be choqued to hear him speak so often of his own Muse; for that is a liberty which this kind of poetry can hardly live without.

Queen of all harmonious things,
  Dancing words, and speaking strings!
What god, what hero, wilt thou sing?
What happy man to equal glories bring?

Begin, begin thy noble choice, [voice.
And let the hills around reflect the image of thy
Pisa does to Jove belong;
Jove and Pisa claim thy song.
The fair first-fruits of war, th' Olympic games,
Alcides offer'd up to Jove;
Alcides too thy strings may move: [prove!
But, oh! what man to join with these can worthy
Join Theron boldly to their sacred names;
Theron the next honour claims:
Theron to no man gives place,
Is first in Pisa's and in Virtue's race!
Theron there, and he alone,
Ev'n his own swift forefathers has outgone,

They through rough ways, o'er many stops they past,
Till on the fatal bank at last
They Agrigentum built, the beauteous eye
Of fair-fac'd Sicily;
Which does itself i' th' river by
With pride and joy espy.
Then chearful notes their painted years did sing,
And Wealth was one, and Honour th' other, wing;
Their genuine virtues did more sweet and clear,
In Fortune's graceful dress, appear.
To which, great son of Rhea! say
The firm word, which forbids things to decay!
If in Olympus' top, where thou
Sitt'st to behold thy sacred show;
If in Alpheus' silver flight;
If in my verse, thou dost delight,
My verse, O Rhea's son! which is
Lofty as that, and smooth as this.

For the past sufferings of this noble race
(Since things once past, and fled out of thine hand,
Hearken no more to thy command)
Let present joys fill up their place,
And with Oblivion's silent stroke deface
Of foregone ills the very trace.
In no illustrious line
Do these happy changes shine
More brightly, Theron! than in thine.
So, in the crystal palaces
Of the blue-ey'd Nereides,
Ino her endless youth does please,
And thanks her fall into the seas.
Beauteous Semele does no less
Her cruel midwife, Thunder, bless;
Whilst, sporting with the gods on high,
She enjoys secure their company;
Plays with lightnings as they fly,
Nor trembles at the bright embraces of the Deity.

But death did them from future dangers free;
What god, alas! will caution be
For living man's security,
Or will ensure our vessel in this faithless sea?
Never did the Sun as yet
So healthful a fair-day beget,
That travelling mortals might rely on it.
But Fortune's favour and her spite
Roll with alternate waves, like day and night:
Vicissitudes which thy great race pursue,
E'er since the fatal son his father slew,
And did old oracles fulfil
Of gods that cannot lie, for they foretell but their own will.

Erynnis saw 't, and made in her own seed
  The innocent parricide to bleed;
She slew his wrathful sons with mutual blows:
  But better things did then succeed,
And brave Thersander, in amends for what was past,
  Brave Thersander was by none, [arose.
  In war, or warlike sports, outdone.
Thou, Theron, his great virtues dost revive;
He in my verse and thee again does live.
  Loud Olympus, happy thee,
Isthmus and Nemæa, does twice happy see;
  For the well-natur'd honour there,
Which with thy brother thou didst share,
  Was to thee double grown
  By not being all thine own;
And those kind pious glories do deface
The old fraternal quarrel of thy race.

  Greatness of mind, and fortune too,
    The' Olympic trophies shew:
  Both their several parts must do
    In the noble chase of fame;
This without that is blind, that without this is lame.
Nor is fair virtue's picture seen aright
  But in Fortune's golden light.
Riches alone are of uncertain date,
  And on short man long cannot wait;
  The virtuous make of them the best,
And put them out to Fame for interest;
  With a frail good they wisely buy
The solid purchase of eternity:
They, whilst life's air they breathe, consider well, and know
The' account they must hereafter give below;

Whereas the' unjust and covetous above,
In deep unlovely vaults.
By the just decrees of Jove,
Unrelenting torments prove,
The heavy necessary effects of voluntary faults.

Whilst in the lands of unexhausted light,
O'er which the god-like Sun's unwearied sight
Ne'er winks in clouds, or sleeps in night,
An endless spring of age the good enjoy,
Where neither Want does pinch, nor Plenty cloy:
There neither earth nor sea they plough,
Nor aught to labour owe
For food, that whilst it nourishes does decay,
And in the lamp of life consumes away.
Thrice had these men through mortal bodies past,
Did thrice the trial undergo,
Till all their little dross was purg'd at last,
The furnace had no more to do.
Then in rich Saturn's peaceful state
Were they for sacred treasures plac'd,
The Muse-discover'd world of Islands Fortunate.

Soft-footed winds with tuneful voices there
Dance through the perfum'd air:
There silver rivers through enamelled meadows glide,
And golden trees enrich their side;
The' illustrious leaves no dropping autumn fear,
And jewels for their fruit they bear,
Which by the blest are gathered
For bracelets to the arm, and garlands to the head.
Here all the heroes, and their poets, live;
Wise Rhadamanthus did the sentence give,

Who for his justice was thought fit
With sovereign Saturn on the bench to sit.
Peleus here, and Cadmus, reign;
Here great Achilles, wrathful now no more,
Since his blest mother (who before
Had try'd it on his body in vain)
Dipt now his soul in Stygian lake,
Which did from thence a divine hardness take,
That does from passion and from vice invulnerable
make.

To Theron, Muse! bring back thy wandering song,
Whom those bright troops expect impatiently;
And may they do so long!
How, noble archer! do thy wanton arrows fly
At all the game that does but cross thine eye:
Shoot, and spare not, for I see
Thy sounding quiver can ne'er emptied be:
Let Art use method and good husbandry,
Art lives on Nature's alms, is weak and poor;
Nature herself has unexhausted store,
Wallows in wealth, and runs a turning maze,
That no vulgar eye can trace.
Art, instead of mounting high,
About her humble food does hovering fly;
Like the ignoble crow, rapine and noise does love;
Whilst Nature, like the sacred bird of Jove,
Now bears loud thunder, and anon with silent joy
The beauteous Phrygian boy
Defeats the strong, o'ertakes the flying prey,
And sometimes basks in the' open flames of day;
And sometimes too he shrowds
His soaring wings among the clouds.

Leave, wanton Muse! thy roving flight;
To thy loud string the well-fletcht arrow put;
  Let Agrigentum be the butt,
    And Theron be the white.
  And, lest the name of verse should give
Malicious men pretext to misbelieve,
  By the Castalian waters swear,
(A sacred oath no poets dare
    To take in vain,
No more than gods do that of Styx profane)
  Swear, in no city e'er before,
A better man, or greater-soul'd, was born;
  Swear, that Theron sure has sworn
    No man near him should be poor!
Swear, that none e'er had such a graceful art
Fortune's free gifts as freely to impart,
With an unenvious hand, and an unbounded heart.
    But in this thankless world the givers
    Are envied ev'n by the receivers:
    'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion,
Rather to hide, than pay, the obligation:
    Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
    It now an artifice does grow,
    Wrongs and outrages to do,
    Lest men should think we owe.
Such monsters, Theron! has thy virtue found:
    But all the malice they profess,
    Thy secure honour cannot wound;
For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
That them or to conceal, or else to tell,
    Is equally impossible!

THE FIRST NEMÆAN ODE OF PINDAR.

Chromius, the son of Agesidamus, a young gentleman of Sicily, is celebrated for having won the prize of the chariot-race in the Nemæan games, (a solemnity instituted first to celebrate the funeral of Opheltes, as is at large described by Statius; and afterwards continued every third year, with an extraordinary conflux of all Greece, and with incredible honour to the conquerors in all the exercises there practised,) upon which occasion the poet begins with the commendation of his country, which I take to have been Ortygia, (an island belonging to Sicily, and a part of Syracuse, being joined to it by a bridge,) though the title of the ode call him Ætnæan Chromius, perhaps because he was made governor of that town by Hieron. From thence he falls into the praise of Chromius's person, which he draws from his great endowments of mind and body, and most especially from his hospitality, and the worthy use of his riches. He likens his beginning to that of Hercules; and, according to his usual manner of being transported with any good hint that meets him in his way, passing into a digression of Hercules, and his slaying the two serpents in his cradle, concludes the ode with that history.

Beauteous Ortygia! the first breathing place
  Of great Alpheus' close and amorous race!
Fair Delos' sister, the childbed
  Of bright Latona, where she bred

The' original new Moon!
Who saw'st her tender forehead ere the horns were grown!
Who, like a gentle scion newly started out,
From Syracusa's side dost sprout!
Thee first my song does greet,
With numbers smooth and fleet
As thine own horses' airy feet,
When they young Chromius' chariot drew,
And o'er the Nemæan race triumphant flew.
Jove will approve my song and me;
Jove is concern'd in Nemæa, and in thee.

With Jove my song; this happy man,
Young Chromius, too, with Jove began;
From hence came his success,
Nor ought he therefore like it less,
Since the best fame is that of happiness;
For whom should we esteem above
The men whom gods do love?
'Tis them alone the Muse too does approve.
Lo! how it makes this victory shine
O'er all the fruitful isle of Proserpine!
The torches which the mother brought
When the ravish'd maid she sought,
Appear'd not half so bright,
But cast a weaker light,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and up to the' heavenly vault.

"To thee, O Proserpine! this isle I give,"
Said Jove, and, as he said,
Smil'd, and bent his gracious head.

"And thou, O isle!" said he, "for ever thrive,
And keep the value of our gift alive!
As Heaven with stars, so let
The country thick with towns be set,
And, numberless as stars,
Let all the towns be then
Replenish'd thick with men,
Wise in peace, and bold in wars!
Of thousand glorious towns the nation,
Of thousand glorious men each town a constellation!
Nor let their warlike laurel scorn
With the Olympic olive to be worn,
Whose gentler honours do so well the brows of
Peace adorn!"

Go to great Syracuse, my Muse, and wait
At Chromius' hospitable gate;
'Twill open wide to let thee in,
When thy lyre's voice shall but begin;
Joy, plenty, and free welcome, dwells within.
The Tyrian beds thou shalt find ready drest,
The ivory table crowded with a feast:
The table which is free for every guest,
No doubt will thee admit,
And feast more upon thee, than thou on it.
Chromius and thou art met aright,
For, as by Nature thou dost write,
So he by Nature loves, and does by Nature fight.

Nature herself, whilst in the womb he was,
Sow'd strength and beauty through the forming
mass;
They mov'd the vital lump in every part,
And cary'd the members out with wondrous art.

She fill'd his mind with courage, and with wit,
  And a vast bounty, apt and fit
For the great dower which fortune made to it.
  'Tis madness, sure, treasures to hoard,
And make them useless, as in mines, remain,
To lose the' occasion Fortune does afford
  Fame and public love to gain:
  Ev'n for self-concerning ends,
  'Tis wiser much to hoard up friends.
Though happy men the present goods possess,
The' unhappy have their share in future hopes no less.

How early has young Chromius begun
The race of virtue, and how swiftly run,
  And borne the noble prize away,
Whilst other youths yet at the barriers stay!
None but Alcides e'er set earlier forth than he:
The god, his father's blood, nought could restrain,
  'Twas ripe at first, and did disdain
The slow advance of dull humanity.
The big-limb'd babe in his huge cradle lay,
Too weighty to be rock'd by nurses' hands,
  Wrapt in purple swaddling-bands;
When, lo! by jealous Juno's fierce commands,
  Two dreadful serpents come,
Rolling and hissing loud into the room;
To the bold babe they trace their bidden way;
Forth from their flaming eyes dread lightnings went;
Their gaping mouths did forked tongues, like thunderbolts, present.

Some of th' amazed women dropt down dead
  With fear, some wildly fled
About the room, some into corners crept,
  Where silently they shook and wept:
All naked from her bed the passionate mother leap'd,
  To save or perish with her child;
She trembled, and she cry'd; the mighty infant smil'd:
  The mighty infant seem'd well pleas'd
    At his gay gilded foes;
And, as their spotted necks up to the cradle rose,
With his young warlike hands on both he seiz'd:
    In vain they rag'd, in vain they hiss'd,
    In vain their armed tails they twist,
  And angry circles cast about;
Black blood, and fiery breath, and poisonous soul, he squeezes out!

  With their drawn swords
In ran Amphitryo and the Theban lords;
With doubting wonder, and with troubled joy,
    They saw the conquering boy
  Laugh, and point downwards to his prey,
Where, in death's pangs and their own gore, they folding lay.
When wise Tiresias this beginning knew,
  He told with ease the things t' ensue;
    From what monsters he should free
    The earth, the air, and sea;
    What mighty tyrants he should slay,
    Greater monsters far than they;

How much at Phlægra's field the distrest gods should owe
To their great offspring here below;
And how his club should there outdo
Apollo's silver bow, and his own father's thunder too:

And that the grateful gods, at last,
The race of his laborious virtue past,
Heaven, which he sav'd, should to him give;
Where, marry'd to eternal youth, he should for ever live;
Drink nectar with the gods, and all his senses please
In their harmonious, golden palaces;
Walk with ineffable delight
Through the thick groves of never-withering light,
And, as he walks, affright
The Lion and the Bear,
Bull, Centaur, Scorpion, all the radiant monsters there.

THE PRAISE OF PINDAR.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE'S SECOND ODE, B. IV.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

Pindar is imitable by none;
The phenix Pindar is a vast species alone.
Who e'er but Dædalus with waxen wings could fly,
And neither sink too low nor soar too high?
What could he who follow'd claim,
But of vain boldness the unhappy fame,
And by his fall a sea to name?

Pindar's unnavigable song
Like a swoln flood from some steep mountain pours along;
The ocean meets with such a voice,
From his enlarged mouth, as drowns the ocean's noise.

So Pindar does new words and figures roll
Down his impetuous dithyrambic tide,
Which in no channel deigns t' abide,
Which neither banks nor dykes control:
Whether th' immortal gods he sings,
In a no less immortal strain,
Or the great acts of god-descended kings,
Who in his numbers still survive and reign;
Each rich-embroider'd line,
Which their triumphant brows around,
By his sacred hand is bound,
Does all their starry diadems outshine.

Whether at Pisa's race he please
To carve in polish'd verse the conqueror's images;
Whether the swift, the skilful, or the strong,
Be crowned in his nimble, artful, vigorous song;
Whether some brave young man's untimely fate,
In words worth dying for, he celebrate—
Such mournful, and such pleasing words,
As joy to his mother's and his mistress' grief affords—
He bids him live and grow in fame;
Among the stars he sticks his name;
The grave can but the dross of him devour,
So small is Death's, so great the poet's power!

Lo, how th' obsequious wind and swelling air
The Theban swan does upwards bear
Into the walks of clouds, where he does play,
And with extended wings opens his liquid way!
Whilst, alas! my timorous Muse
Unambitious tracts pursues;
Does with weak, unballast wings,
About the mossy brooks and springs,
About the trees' new-blossom'd heads,
About the gardens' painted beds,
About the fields and flowery meads,
And all inferior beauteous things,
Like the laborious bee,
For little drops of honey flee,
And there with humble sweets contents her industry.

THE RESURRECTION.

Nor winds to voyagers at sea,
Nor showers to earth, more necessary be,
(Heaven's vital seed cast on the womb of Earth
To give the fruitful Year a birth)
Than Verse to Virtue; which can do
The midwife's office and the nurse's too;
It feeds it strongly, and it clothes it gay,
And, when it dies, with comely pride
Embalms it, and erects a pyramid
That never will decay
Till Heaven itself shall melt away,
And nought behind it stay.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre;
Lo! how the Years to come, a numerous and well-
fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures
dance!
Whilst the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound:
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string:
Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all th' harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands
divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice,
Could not, whilst they liv'd, awake,
This mightier sound shall make
When dead t' arise;
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long sluggards of five thousand years!
This mightier sound shall make its hearers ears.
Then shall the scatter'd atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home;
Some from birds, from fishes some;
Some from earth, and some from seas;
Some from beasts, and some from trees;

Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly,
And, where th' attending soul naked and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands;
As dispers'd soldiers' at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortur'd men,
Their joints new set, to be new-rack'd again,
To mountains they for shelter pray,
The mountains shake, and run about no less confus'd than they.

Stop, stop, my Muse! allay thy vigorous heat,
Kindled at a hint so great;
Hold thy Pindaric Pegasus closely in,
Which does to rage begin,
And this steep hill would gallop up with violent course;
'Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horse,
Fierce and unbroken yet,
Impatient of the spur or bit;
Now prances stately, and anon flies o'er the place;
Disdains the servile law of any settled pace,
Conscious and proud of his own natural force:
'Twill no unskilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too, that sits not sure.

THE MUSE.

Go, the rich chariot instantly prepare;
  The queen, my Muse, will take the air:
Unruly Fancy with strong Judgment trace;
  Put in nimble-footed Wit,
  Smooth-pac'd Eloquence join with it;
Sound Memory with young Invention place;
  Harness all the winged race:
Let the postillion Nature mount, and let
  The coachman Art be set;
And let the airy footmen, running all beside,
  Make a long row of goodly pride,
Figures, Conceits, Raptures, and Sentences,
    In a well-worded dress;
And innocent Loves, and pleasant Truths, and useful Lies,
    In all their gaudy liveries.
  Mount, glorious queen! thy travelling throne,
    And bid it to put on;
  For long, though cheerful, is the way,
And life, alas! allows but one ill winter's day.

Where never foot of man, or hoof of beast,
    The passage press'd;
  Where never fish did fly,
And with short silver wings cut the low liquid sky;
  Where birds with painted oars did ne'er
Row through the trackless ocean of the air;
    Where never yet did pry
  The busy Morning's curious eye;

The wheels of thy bold coach pass quick and free,
  And all's an open road to thee;
  Whatever God did say,
Is all thy plain and smooth uninterrupted way!
Nay, ev'n beyond his works thy voyages are known,
  Thou hast thousand worlds too of thine own.
Thou speak'st, great queen! in the same style as he;
And a new world leaps forth when thou say'st, "Let it be."

Thou fathom'st the deep gulf of ages past,
  And canst pluck up with ease
The years which thou dost please;
Like shipwreck'd treasures, by rude tempests east
  Long since into the sea,
Brought up again to light and public use by thee.
  Nor dost thou only dive so low,
    But fly
With an unwearied wing the other way on high,
  Where Fates among the stars do grow;
There into the close nests of Time dost peep,
    And there, with piercing eye,
Through the firm shell and the thick white, dost spy
    Years to come a-forming lie,
Close in their sacred fecundine asleep,
    Till hatch'd by the Sun's vital heat,
    Which o'er them yet does brooding set,
    They life and motion get,
  And, ripe at last, with vigorous might
Break through the shell, and take their everlasting flight!

And sure we may
The same too of the present say,
If past and future times do thee obey.
Thou stop'st this current, and dost make
This running river settle like a lake;
Thy certain hand holds fast this slippery snake:
The fruit which does so quickly waste,
Men scarce can see it, much less taste,
Thou comfitest in sweets to make it last.
This shining piece of ice,
Which melts so soon away
With the Sun's ray,
Thy verse does solidate and crystallize,
Till it a lasting mirror be!
Nay, thy immortal rhyme
Makes this one short point of time
To fill up half the orb of round eternity.

TO MR. HOBBES.

Vast bodies of philosophy
I oft have seen and read;
But all are bodies dead,
Or bodies by art fashioned;
I never yet the living soul could see,
But in thy books and thee!
'Tis only God can know
Whether the fair idea thou dost show
Agree entirely with his own or no.
This I dare boldly tell,
'Tis so like truth, 'twill serve our turn as well.
Just, as in Nature, thy proportions be,
As full of concord their variety,

As firm the parts upon their centre rest,
And all so solid are, that they, at least
As much as Nature, emptiness detest.

Long did the mighty Stagyrite retain
The universal intellectual reign,
Saw his own country's short-liv'd leopard slain;
The stronger Roman eagle did out-fly,
Oftener renew'd his age, and saw that die.
Mecca itself, in spite of Mahomet possest,
And, chac'd by a wild deluge from the East,
His monarchy new planted in the West.
But, as in time each great imperial race
Degenerates, and gives some new one place:
So did this noble empire waste,
Sunk by degrees from glories past,
And in the school-men's hands it perish'd quite at last:
Then nought but words it grew,
And those all barbarous too:
It perish'd, and it vanish'd there;
The life and soul, breath'd out, became but empty air!

The fields, which answer'd well the ancients' plough,
Spent and out-worn, return no harvest now;
In barren age wild and unglorious lie,
And boast of past fertility,
The poor relief of present poverty.
Food and fruit we now must want,
Unless new lands we plant.
We break up tombs with sacrilegious hands;
Old rubbish we remove;
To walk in ruins, like vain ghosts, we love,
And with fond divining wands

We search among the dead
For treasures buried;
Whilst still the liberal Earth does hold
So many virgin-mines of undiscover'd gold.

The Baltic, Euxine, and the Caspian,
And slender-limb'd Meditcrranean,
Seem narrow creeks to thee, and only fit
For the poor wretched fisher-boats of wit:
Thy nobler vessel the vast ocean tries,
And nothing sees but seas and skies,
Till unknown regions it descries.
Thou great Columbus of the golden lands of new philosophies!
Thy task was harder much than his;
For thy learn'd America is
Not only found out first by thee,
And rudely left to future industry;
But thy eloquence and thy wit,
Has planted, peopled, built, and civiliz'd it.

I little thought before,
(Nor, being my own self so poor,
Could comprehend so vast a store)
That all the wardrobe of rich Eloquence
Could have afforded half enough,
Of bright, of new, and lasting stuff,
To cloathe the mighty limbs of thy gigantic Sense.
Thy solid reason, like the shield from Heaven
To the Trojan hero given,
Too strong to take a mark from any mortal dart,
Yet shines in gold and gems in every part,
And wonders on it grav'd by the learn'd hand of Art!

A shield that gives delight
Ev'n to the enemies sight,
Then, when they're sure to lose the combat by't.

Nor can the snow, which now cold Age does shed
Upon thy reverend head,
Quench or allay the noble fires within;
But all which thou hast been,
And all that youth can be thou'rt yet!
So fully still dost thou
Enjoy the manhood and the bloom of Wit,
And all the natural heat, but not the fever too!
So contraries on Etna's top conspire;
Here hoary frosts, and by them breaks out fire!
A secure peace the faithful neighbours keep;
The' embolden'd snow next to the flame does sleep!
And if we weigh, like thee,
Nature and causes, we shall see
That thus it needs must be—
To things immortal, Time can do no wrong,
And that which never is to die, for ever must be young.

DESTINY.

Hoc quoque fatale est sic ipsum expendere Fatum. *Manil.*

STRANGE and unnatural! let's stay and see
This pageant of a prodigy.
Lo, of themselves the' enliven'd Chess-men move!
Lo, the un-bred, ill-organ'd pieces prove
As full of art and industry,
Of courage and of policy,
As we ourselves, who think there's nothing wise but [we!

Here a proud Pawn I admire,
That still advancing higher,
At top of all became
Another thing and name;
Here I'm amaz'd at th' actions of a Knight,
That does bold wonders in the fight;
Here I the losing party blame,
For those false moves that break the game,
That to their grave, the bag, the conquer'd pieces bring,
And, above all, th' ill-conduct of the Mated king.

"Whate'er these seem, whate'er philosophy
And sense or reason tell," said I,
"These things have life, election, liberty;
'Tis their own wisdom moulds their state,
Their faults and virtues make their fate.
They do, they do," said I; but straight,
Lo! from my enlighten'd eyes the mists and shadows fell,
That hinder spirits from being visible;
And, lo! I saw two angels play'd the Mate.
With man, alas! no otherwise it proves;
An unseen hand makes all their moves;
And some are great, and some are small,
Some climb to good, some from good-fortune fall;
Some wise-men, and some fools, we call;
Figures, alas! of speech, for Destiny plays us all.

Me from the womb the mid-wife Muse did take:
She cut my navel, wash'd me, and mine head
With her own hand she fashioned;
She did a covenant with me make,
And circumcis'd my tender soul, and thus she spake:

"Thou of my church shalt be;
Hate and renounce," said she,
"Wealth, honour, pleasures, all the world, for me.
Thou neither great at court, nor in the war, [bar:
Nor at th' exchange, shalt be, nor at the wrangling
Content thyself with the small barren praise,
That neglected verse does raise."
She spake, and all my years to come
Took their unlucky doom.
Their several ways of life let others chuse,
Their several pleasures let them use,
But I was born for love, and for a Muse.

With Fate what boots it to contend?
Such I began, such am, and so must end.
The star that did my being frame,
Was but a lambent flame,
And some small light it did dispense,
But neither heat nor influence,
No matter, Cowley! let proud Fortune see,
That thou canst her despise no less than she does [thee:
Let all her gifts the portion be
Of Folly, Lust, and Flattery,
Fraud, Extortion, Calumny,
Murder, Infidelity,
Rebellion and Hypocrisy;
Do thou not grieve, nor blush to be,
As all th' inspir'd tuneful men,
And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer down to Ben.

BRUTUS.

Excellent Brutus! of all human race
The best, till Nature was improv'd by Grace;
  Till men above themselves Faith raised more
    Than Reason above beasts before.
Virtue was thy life's centre, and from thence
Did silently and constantly dispense
    The gentle, vigorous influence
To all the wide and fair circumference:
And all the parts upon it lean'd so easily,
Obey'd the mighty force so willingly,
That none could discord or disorder see
  In all their contrariety:
Each had his motion natural and free,
And the whole no more mov'd, than the whole
        world could be.

From thy strict rule some think that thou didst
        swerve
(Mistaken, honest men!) in Cæsar's blood;
What mercy could the tyrant's life deserve
From him, who kill'd himself rather than serve!
Th' heroic exaltations of good
    Are so far from understood,
We count them vice: alas! our sight's so ill,
That things which swiftest move seem to stand
We look not upon virtue in her height, [still:
On her supreme idea, brave and bright,
    In the original light;
  But as her beams reflected pass
Through our own Nature or Ill-custom's glass;

As 'tis no wonder, so,
If with dejected eye
In standing pools we seek the sky,
That stars, so high above, should seem to us below.

Can we stand bye and see
Our mother robb'd, and bound, and ravish'd be,
Yet not to her assistance stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ra-
Or shall we fear to kill him, if before [visher?
The cancell'd name of friend he bore?
Ingrateful Brutus do they call?
Ingrateful Cæsar, who could Rome enthrall?
An act more barbarous and unnatural
(In the exact balance of true virtue try'd)
Than his successor Nero's parricide!
There 's none but Brutus could deserve
That all men else should wish to serve,
And Cæsar's usurp'd place to him should proffer;
None can deserve 't but he who would refuse the
offer.

Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapt itself i' th' terrors of the night:
"I'll meet thee at Philippi," said the sprite;
"I'll meet thee there," saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight;
It vanish'd, as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't had heard the morning
Or seen her well-appointed star [crow,
Come marching up the eastern hill afar.

Nor durst it in Philippi's field appear,
  But, unseen, attack'd thee there:
Had it presum'd in any shape thee to oppose,
Thou would'st have forc'd it back upon thy foes:
    Or slain 't, like Cæsar, though it be
A conqueror and a monarch mightier far than he.

What joy can human things to us afford,
When we see perish thus, by odd events,
  Ill men, and wretched accidents, [sword?
The best cause and best man that ever drew a
    When we see
The false Octavius and wild Anthony,
    God-like Brutus! conquer thee?
What can we say, but thine own tragic word—
That Virtue, which had worship'd been by thee
As the most solemn good, and greatest deity,
    By this fatal proof became
    An idol only, and a name.
Hold, noble Brutus! and restrain
The bold voice of thy generous disdain;
    These mighty gulfs are yet
Too deep for all thy judgment and thy wit.
The time's set forth already which shall quell
Stiff Reason, when it offers to rebel;
    Which these great secrets shall unseal,
    And new philosophies reveal:
A few years more, so soon hadst thou not died,
Would have confounded human Virtue's pride,
    And show'd thee a God crucify'd.

TO DR. SCARBOROUGH.

How long, alas! has our mad nation been
Of epidemic war the tragic scene,
    When Slaughter all the while
Seem'd, like its sea, embracing round the isle,
With tempests, and red waves, noise, and affright!
Albion no more, nor to be nam'd from white!
What province or what city did it spare?
It, like a plague, infected all the air.
    Sure the unpeopled land
Would now untill'd, desert, and naked stand,
    Had God's all-mighty hand
At the same time let loose Diseases' rage,
    Their civil wars in man to wage.
    But thou by Heaven wert sent
    This desolation to prevent,
A med'cine, and a counter-poison, to the age.
Scarce could the sword dispatch more to the grave
        Than thou didst save;
By wondrous art, and by successful care,
The ruins of a civil war thou dost alone repair!

The inundations of all liquid pain,
    And deluge Dropsy, thou dost drain.
    Fevers so hot, that one would say,
    Thou might'st as soon hell-fires allay
(The damn'd scarce more incurable than they)
    Thou dost so temper, that we find,
    Like gold, the body but refin'd,
    No unhealthful dross behind.

The subtle ague, that for sureness' sake
Takes its own times th' assault to make,
And at each battery the whole fort does shake,
When thy strong guards, and works, it spies,
Trembles for itself, and flies.
The cruel Stone, that restless pain,
That's sometimes roll'd away in vain,
But still, like Sysiphus's stone, returns again,
Thou break'st and meltest by learn'd juices' force,
(A greater work, though short the way appear,
Than Hannibal's by vinegar!)
Oppress'd Nature's necessary course
It stops in vain; like Moses, thou
Strik'st but the rock, and straight the waters freely flow.

The Indian son of Lust (that foul disease
Which did on this his new-found world but lately seize,
Yet since a tyranny has planted here,
As wide and cruel as the Spaniard there)
Is so quite rooted out by thee,
That thy patients seem to be
Restor'd, not to health only, but virginity.
The Plague itself, that proud imperial ill,
Which destroys towns, and does whole armies kill,
If thou but succour the besieged heart,
Calls all its poisons forth and does depart,
As if it fear'd no less thy art,
Than Aaron's incense, or than Phineas' dart.
What need there here repeated be by me
The vast and barbarous lexicon
Of man's infirmity?
At thy strong charms it must be gone
Though a disease, as well as devil, were called Legion.

From creeping moss to soaring cedar thou
Dost all the powers and several portions know,
Which father-Sun, and mother-Earth below,
On their green infants here bestow:
Canst all those magic virtues from them draw,
That keep Disease and Death in awe;
Who, whilst thy wondrous skill in plants they see,
Fear lest the tree of life should be found out by thee.
And thy well-travell'd knowledge, too, does give
No less account of th' empire sensitive;
Chiefly of man, whose body is
That active soul's metropolis.
As the great artist in his sphere of glass
Saw the whole scene of heavenly motions pass;
So thou know'st all so well that's done within,
As if some living crystal man thou 'dst seen.

Nor does this science make thy crown alone,
But whole Apollo is thine own;
His gentler arts, lov'd in vain by me,
Are wedded and enjoy'd by thee.
Thou'rt by this noble mixture free
From the physician's frequent malady,
Fantastic incivility:
There are who all their patients' chagrin have,
As if they took each morn worse potions than they gave.
And this great race of learning thou hast run,
Ere that of life be half yet done;
Thou see'st thyself still fresh and strong,
And like t' enjoy thy conquests long.
The first fam'd aphorism thy great master spoke,
Did he live now he would revoke,

And better things of man report;
For thou dost make life long, and art but short.

Ah, learned friend! it grieves me, when I think
That thou with all thy art must die,
As certainly as I;
And all thy noble reparations sink
Into the sure-wrought mine of treacherous mortality.
Like Archimedes, honourably in vain,
Thou hold'st out towns that must at last be ta'en,
And thou thyself, their great defender, slain.
Let 's e'en compound, and for the present live,
'Tis all the ready-money Fate can give;
Unbend sometimes thy restless care,
And let thy friends so happy be
T' enjoy at once their health and thee:
Some hours, at least, to thine own pleasure spare:
Since the whole stock may soon exhausted be,
Bestow 't not all in charity.
Let Nature and let Art do what they please,
When all 's done, life is an incurable disease.

LIFE AND FAME.

Oh, Life! thou Nothing's younger brother!
So like, that one might take one for the other!
What 's somebody, or nobody?
In all the cobwebs of the schoolmen's trade,
We no such nice distinction woven see,
As 'tis "to be," or "not to be."
Dream of a shadow! a reflection made

From the false glories of the gay reflected bow,
Is a more solid thing than thou.
Vain weak-built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities!
Yet canst nor wave nor wind sustain,
But, broken and o'erwhelm'd, the endles oceans
meet again.

And with what rare inventions do we strive
Ourselves then to survive?
Wise, subtle arts, and such as well befit
That Nothing, man's no wit!—
Some with vast costly tombs would purchase it,
And by the proofs of death pretend to live.
"Here lies the great"—false marble! where?
Nothing but small and sordid dust lies there.—
Some build enormous mountain-palaces,
The fools and architects to please;
A lasting life in well-hewn stone they rear:
So he, who on th' Egyptian shore
Was slain so many hundred years before,
Lives still, (oh! life most happy and most dear!
Oh! life that epicures envy to hear!)
Lives in the dropping ruins of his amphitheatre.

His father-in-law an higher place does claim
In the seraphic entity of Fame;
He, since that toy his death,
Does fill all mouths, and breathes in all men's breath.
'Tis true, the two immortal syllables remain;
But, oh, ye learned men! explain
What essence, what existence, this,
What substance, what subsistence, what hypostasis,
In six poor letters is!

In those alone does the great Cæsar live,
'Tis all the conquer'd world could give.
We poets, madder yet than all,
With a refin'd fantastic vanity,
Think we not only have, but give, eternity.
Fain would I see that prodigal,
Who his to-morrow would bestow,
For all old Homer's life, e'er since he dy'd till now!

THE EXTASY.

I LEAVE mortality, and things below;
I have no time in compliments to waste;
Farewell to ye all in haste,
For I am call'd to go.
A whirlwind bears up my dull feet,
Th' officious clouds beneath them meet;
And lo! I mount, and lo!
How small the biggest parts of Earth's proud title show!

Where shall I find the noble British land?
Lo! I at last a northern speck espy,
Which in the sea does lie,
And seems a grain o' th' sand!
For this will any sin, or bleed?
Of civil wars is this the meed?
And is it this, alas! which we
(Oh irony of words!) do call Great Britanie?

I pass by th' arched magazines which hold
Th' eternal stores of frost, and rain, and snow;
Dry and secure I go,
Nor shake with fear or cold:
Without affright or wonder
I meet clouds charg'd with thunder,
And lightnings, in my way,
Like harmless lambent fires, about my temples play.

Now into a gentle sea of rolling flame
I'm plung'd, and still mount higher there,
As flames mount up through air:
So perfect, yet so tame,
So great, so pure, so bright a fire,
Was that unfortunate desire,
My faithful breast did cover,
Then, when I was of late a wretched mortal lover.

Through several orbs which one fair planet bear,
Where I behold distinctly, as I pass,
The hints of Galileo's glass,
I touch at last the spangled sphere:
Here all th' extended sky
Is but one galaxy,
'Tis all so bright and gay,
And the joint eyes of night make up a perfect day.

Where am I now? Angels, and God is here;
An unexhausted ocean of delight
Swallows my senses quite,
And drowns all what, or how, or where:
Not Paul, who first did thither pass,
And this great world's Columbus was,

The tyrannous pleasure could express.
Oh, 'tis too much for man! but let it ne'er be less!

The mighty Elijah mounted so on high,
That second man who leap'd the ditch where all
The rest of mankind fall,
And went not downwards to the sky!
With much of pomp and show
(As conquering kings in triumph go)
Did he to Heaven approach,
And wondrous was his way, and wondrous was his coach.

'Twas gaudy all; and rich in every part
Of essences, of gems; and spirit of gold
Was its substantial mould,
Drawn forth by chymic angels' art.
Here with moon-beams 'twas silver'd bright,
There double-gilt with the Sun's light;
And mystic shapes cut round in it,
Figures that did transcend a vulgar angel's wit.

The horses were of temper'd lightning made,
Of all that in Heaven's beauteous pastures feed
The noblest, sprightful'st breed;
And flaming manes their necks array'd:
They all were shod with diamond,
Not such as here are found,
But such light solid ones as shine
On the transparent rocks o' th' Heaven crystalline.

Thus mounted the great prophet to the skies;
Astonish'd men, who oft had seen stars fall,
Or that which so they call,
Wonder'd from hence to see one rise.
The soft clouds melted him away;
The snow and frosts which in it lay
Awhile the sacred footsteps bore;
The wheels and horses' hoofs hizz'd as they past them o'er!

He past by th' Moon and planets, and did fright
All the worlds there which at this meteor gaz'd,
And their astrologers amaz'd
With th' unexampled sight.
But where he stopp'd will ne'er be known,
Till phœnix Nature, aged grown,
To a better thing do aspire,
And mount herself, like him, to eternity in fire.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

Great Janus! (who dost, sure, my mysteries view
With all thine eyes, yet think'st them all too few,
If thy fore-face do see
No better things prepar'd for me,
Than did thy face behind;
If still her breast must shut against me be,
(For 'tis not Peace that temples's gate does bind)
Oh, let my life, if thou so many deaths a coming find,

With thine old year its voyage take,
Borne down that stream of Time which no return
can make!

Alas! what need I thus to pray?
Th' old avaricious Year,
Whether I would or no, will bear
At least a part of me away:
His well-hors'd troops, the Months, and Days, and Hours,
Though never any where they stay,
Make in their passage all their prey;
The Months, Days, Hours, that march i' th' rear
Nought of value left behind.
All the good wine of life our drunken youth can find
devours;
Sourness and lees, which to the bottom sink,
Remain for latter years to drink;
Until, some one offended with the taste,
The vessel breaks, and out the wretched relics run
at last.

If then, young Year! thou need'st must come,
(For in Time's fruitful womb
The birth beyond its time can never tarry,
Nor ever can miscarry)
Choose thy attendants well; for 'tis not thee
We fear, but 'tis thy company.
Let neither Loss of Friends, or Fame, or Liberty,
Nor pining Sickness, nor tormenting Pain,
Nor Sadness, nor uncleanly Poverty,
Be seen among thy train:
Nor let thy livery be
Either black Sin, or gaudy Vanity:

Nay, if thou lov'st me, gentle Year!
Let not so much as Love be there;
Vain Fruitless love, I mean; for, gentle Year!
Although I fear,
There's of this caution little need,
Yet, gentle Year! take heed
How thou dost make
Such a mistake:
Such love I mean, alone,
As by thy cruel predecessors has been shown;
For, though I 'ave too much cause to doubt it,
I fain would try for once if life can live without it.

Into the future times why do we pry,
And seek to antedate our misery?
Like jealous men, why are we longing still
To see the thing which only seeing makes an ill?
'Tis well the face is veil'd; for 'twere a sight
That would ev'n happiest men affright;
And something still they'd spy that would destroy
The past and present joy.
In whatsoever character
The book of Fate is writ,
'Tis well we understand not it;
We should grow mad with little learning there:
Upon the brink of every ill we did foresee,
Undecently and foolishly
We should stand shivering, and but slowly venture
The fatal flood to enter.
Since, willing or unwilling, we must do it;
They feel least cold and pain who plunge at once into it

LIFE.

Nascentes Morimur.

We're ill by these grammarians us'd;
We are abus'd by words, grossly abus'd:
From the maternal tomb
To the grave's fruitful womb,
We call here Life; but Life's a name
That nothing here can truly claim:
This wretched inn, where we scarce stay to bait,
We call our dwelling-place;
We call one step a race:
But angels, in their full enlighten'd state,
Angels, who live, and know what 'tis to be;
Who all the nonsense of our language see;
Who speak things, and our words, their ill-drawn pictures scorn;
When we, by a foolish figure, say,
"Behold an old man dead!" then they [born!"
Speak properly, and cry, "Behold a man-child

My eyes are open'd, and I see
Through the transparent fallacy:
Because we seem wisely to talk
Like men of business; and for business walk
From place to place,
And mighty voyages we take,
And mighty journeys seem to make, [space:
O'er sea and land, the little point that has no
Because we fight, and battles gain;
Some captives call, and say, "the rest are slain:"
Because we heap up yellow earth, and so
Rich, valiant, wise, and virtuous, seem to grow:

Because we draw a long nobility
From hieroglyphic proofs of heraldry,
And impudently talk of a posterity,
And, like Egyptian chroniclers,
Who write of twenty thousand years,
With maravedies make th' account,
That single time might to a sum amount:
We grow at last by custom to believe,
That really we live:
Whilst all these shadows, that for things we take,
Are but the empty dreams which in Death's sleep
we make.

But these fantastic errors of our dream
Lead us to solid wrong;
We pray God our friends' torments to prolong,
And wish uncharitably for them
To be as long a dying as Methusalem.
The ripen'd soul longs from his prison to come;
But we would seal, and sow up, if we could, the [womb:
We seek to close and plaister up by art
The cracks and breaches of th' extended shell,
And in that narrow cell
Would rudely force to dwell
The noble vigorous bird, already wing'd to part.

THE XXXIVth CHAPTER OF THE PROPHET ISAIAH.

Awake, and with attention hear,
Thou drowsy World! for it concerns thee near;
Awake, I say, and listen well,
To what from God, I, his loud prophet, tell.

Bid both the poles suppress their stormy noise,
And bid the roaring sea contain its voice.
Be still, thou sea; be still, thou air and earth,
Still as old Chaos, before Motion's birth:
A dreadful host of judgments is gone out,
In strength and number more
Than e'er was rais'd by God before,
To scourge the rebel world, and march it round about.

I see the sword of God brandish'd above,
And from it streams a dismal ray:
I see the scabbard cast away;
How red anon with slaughter will it prove!
How will it sweat and reek in blood!
How will the scarlet-glutton be o'ergorged with his food,
And devour all the mighty feast!
Nothing soon but bones will rest.
God does a solemn sacrifice prepare;
But not of oxen, nor of rams,
Not of kids, nor of their dams,
Not of heifers, nor of lambs:
The altar all the land, and all men in't the victims are.
Since, wicked men's more guilty blood to spare,
The beasts so long have sacrificed been;
Since men their birth-right forfeit still by sin;
'Tis fit at last beasts their revenge should have,
And sacrificed men their better brethren save.

So will they fall, so will they flee,
Such will the creatures' wild distraction be,
When, at the final doom,

Nature and Time shall both be slain,
Shall struggle with Death's pangs in vain,
And the whole world their funeral pile become.
The wide stretch'd scroll of Heaven, which
Immortal as the Deity think, [we
With all the beauteous characters that in it
With such deep sense by God's own hand were writ,
(Whose eloquence, though we understand not,
we admire)
Shall crackle, and the parts together shrink
Like parchment in a fire: [lend:
Th' exhausted Sun to th' Moon no more shall
But truly then headlong into the sea descend:
The glittering host, now in such fair array,
So proud, so well-appointed, and so gay,
Like fearful troops in some strong ambush ta'en,
Shall some fly routed, and some fall slain,
Thick as ripe fruit, or yellow leaves, in autumn
fall,
With such a violent storm as blows down tree and
all.

And thou, O cursed land!
Which wilt not see the precipice where thou dost
stand,
(Though thou stand'st just upon the brink)
Thou of this poison'd bowl the bitter dregs shalt
Thy rivers and thy lakes shall so [drink.
With human blood o'erflow, [away,
That they shall fetch the slaughter'd corpse
Which in the fields around unburied lay,
And rob the beasts and birds to give the fish their
The rotten corpse shall so infect the air, [prey;
Beget such plagues and putrid venoms there,

That by thine own dead shall be slain
All thy few living that remain.
As one who buys, surveys a ground,
So the destroying-angel measures it around;
So careful and so strict he is,
Lest any nook or corner he should miss:
He walks about the perishing nation,
Ruin behind him stalks and empty Desolation.

Then shall the market and the pleading-place
Be choak'd with brambles and o'ergrown with grass:
The serpents through thy streets shall roll,
And in thy lower rooms the wolves shall howl,
And thy gilt chambers lodge the raven and the owl,
And all the wing'd ill-omens of the air,
Though no new ills can be foreboded there:
The lion then shall to the leopard say,
"Brother leopard, come away;
Behold a land which God has given us in prey.
Behold a land from whence we see
Mankind expuls'd, his and our common enemy!"
The brother leopard shakes himself, and does not stay.

The glutted vultures shall expect in vain
New armies to be slain;
Shall find at last the business done,
Leave their consumed quarters, and be gone:
Th' unburied ghosts shall sadly moan,
The satyrs laugh to hear them groan,
The evil spirits, that delight
To dance and revel in the mask of night, affright;
The Moon and stars, their sole spectators, shall

And, if of lost mankind
Aught happen to be left behind;
If any relics but remain,
They in their dens shall lurk, beasts in the palaces shall reign.

THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

Is this thy bravery, man, is this thy pride?
Rebel to God, and slave to all beside!
Captiv'd by every thing! and only free
To fly from thine own liberty!
All creatures, the Creator said, were thine;
No creature but might since say, "Man is mine."
In black Egyptian slavery we lie;
And sweat and toil in the vile drudgery
Of tyrant Sin!
To which we trophies raise, and wear out all our [breath
In building up the monuments of Death;
We, the choice race, to God and angels kin!
In vain the prophets and apostles come
To call us home,
Home to the' promis'd Canaan above, [honey flow;
Which does with nourishing milk and pleasant
And even i' th' way to which we should be fed
With angels' tasteful bread:
But we, alas! the flesh-pots love,
We love the very leeks and sordid roots below.

In vain we judgments feel, and wonders see!
In vain did God to descend hither deign;
He was his own ambassador in vain,
Our Moses and our guide himself to be!

We will not let ourselves to go,
And with worse harden'd hearts do our own Pharoahs grow.
Ah! lest at last we perish so,
Think, stubborn man, think of th' Egyptian prince,
(Hard of belief and will, but not so hard as thou;)
Think with what dreadful proofs God did convince
The feeble arguments that human power could show;
Think what plagues attended on thee,
Who Moses' God does now refuse, more oft than Moses he.

"If from some god you come," (said the proud king
With half a smile and half a frown;
But what god can to Egypt be unknown?)
"What sign, what powers, what credence do you bring?"
"Behold his seal! behold his hand!"
Cries Moses, and casts down th' all-mighty wand.
Th' all-mighty wand scarce touch'd the earth,
When, with an undiscerned birth,
Th' all-mighty wand a serpent grew,
And his long half in painted folds behind him drew:
Upwards his threatening tail he threw;
Upwards he cast his threatening head:
He gap'd and hiss'd aloud,
With flaming eyes survey'd the trembling crowd,
And, like a basilisk, almost look'd th' assembly dead;
Swift fled th' amazed king, the guards before him fled.

Jannes and Jambres stopp'd their flight,
And with proud words allay'd the' affright.

"The God of slaves," said they, "how can he be
More powerful than their master's deity?"
And down they cast their rods, [gods;
And mutter'd secret sounds that charm the servile
The evil spirits their charms obey,
And in a subtle cloud they snatch the rods away,
And serpents in their place the airy jugglers lay.
Serpents in Egypt's monstrous land
Were ready still at hand,
And all at the Old Serpent's first command.
And they too gap'd, and they too hiss'd,
And they their threatening tails did twist;
But straight on both the Hebrew-serpent flew,
Broke both their active backs, and both it slew,
And both almost at once devour'd;
So much was over-power'd,
By God's miraculous creation,
His servant's, Nature's, slightly-wrought and feeble generation!

On the fam'd bank the prophets stood,
Touch'd with their rod, and wounded, all the flood;
Flood now no more, but a long vein of putrid blood.
The helpless fish were found
In their strange current drown'd:
The herbs and trees wash'd by the mortal tide
About it blush'd and dy'd:
Th' amazed crocodiles made haste to ground;
From their vast trunks the dropping gore they spied,
Thought it their own, and dreadfully aloud they cried.
Nor all thy priests, nor thou,
O king! could'st ever show

From whence thy wandering Nile begins his course,
Of this new Nile thou secst the sacred source;
And, as thy land that does o'erflow,
Take heed lest this do so!
What plague more just could on thy waters fall?
The Hebrew infants' murder stains them all:
The kind instructing punishment enjoy; [destroy.
Whom the red river cannot mend, the Red-sea shall

The river yet gave one instruction more;
And, from the rotten fish and unconcocted gore,
(Which was but water just before)
A loathsome host was quickly made,
That scal'd the banks, and with loud noise did all
the country invade.
As Nilus when he quits his sacred bed
(But like a friend he visits all the land
With welcome presents in his hand)
So did this living tide the fields o'erspread:
In vain th' alarmed country tries
To kill their noisome enemies;
From th' unexhausted sources till new recruits arise.
Nor does the earth these greedy troops suffice,
The towns and houses they possess,
The temples and the palaces,
Nor Pharaoh, nor his gods, they fear;
Both their importune croakings hear.
Unsatiate yet, they mount up higher,
Where never sun-born frog durst to aspire,
And in the silken beds their slimy members place;
A luxury unknown before to all the watery race!

The water thus her wonders did produce;
But both were to no use;

As yet the sorcerers' mimic power serv'd for excuse.
"Try what the earth will do," said God, and lo!
They strook the earth a fertile blow,
And all the dust did straight to stir begin;
One would have thought some sudden wind 't had been
But lo! 'twas nimble life was got within!
And all the little springs did move,
And every dust did an arm'd vermin prove,
Of an unknown and new-created kind,
Such as the magic-gods could neither make nor find.
The wretched shameful foe allow'd no rest
Either to man or beast.
Not Pharaoh from th' unquiet plague could be,
With all his change of raiments, free;
The devils themselves confess'd
This was God's hand; and 'twas but just,
To punish thus man's pride, to punish dust with dust.

Lo! the third element does his plagues prepare,
And swarming clouds of insects fill the air;
With sullen noise they take their flight,
And march in bodies infinite;
In vain 'tis day above, 'tis still beneath them night.
Of harmful flies the nations numberless
Compos'd this mighty army's spacious boast;
Of different manners, different languages;
And different habits, too, they wore,
And different arms they bore;
And some, like Scythians, liv'd on blood,
And some on green, and some on flowery food;
And Accaron, the airy prince, led on this various host.
Houses secure not men, the populous ill
Did all the houses fill:

The country all around
Did with the cries of tortur'd cattle sound;
About the fields enrag'd they flew,
And wish'd the plague that was t' ensue.

From poisonous stars a mortal influence came
(The mingled malice of their flame);
A skilful angel did th' ingredients take,
And with just hands the sad composure make,
And over all the land did the full vial shake.
Thirst, giddiness, faintness, and putrid heats,
And pining pains, and shivering sweats,
On all the cattle, all the beasts did fall;
With deform'd death the country's cover'd all.
The labouring ox drops down before the plough;
The crowned victims to the altar led
Sink, and prevent the lifted blow: [head,
The generous horse from the full manger turns his
Does his lov'd floods and pastures scorn,
Hates the shrill trumpet and the horn,
Nor can his lifeless nostril please
With the once-ravishing smell of all his dappled mistresses;
The starving sheep refuse to feed,
They bleat their innocent souls out into air;
The faithful dogs lie gasping by them there;
Th' astonish'd shepherd weeps, and breaks his tuneful reed.

Thus did the beasts for man's rebellion die;
God did on man a gentler med'cine try,
And a disease, for physic, did apply.
Warm ashes from the furnace Moses took;
The sorcerers did with wonder on him look,

And smil'd at th' unaccustomed spell,
Which no Egyptian rituals tell:
He flings the pregnant ashes through the air,
And speaks a mighty prayer; [bear.
Both which the ministering winds around all Egypt
As gentle western blasts with downy wings,
Hatching the tender springs,
To th' unborn buds with vital whispers say,
"Ye living buds why do ye stay?" [way;
The passionate buds break through the bark their
So, wheresoe'er this tainted wind but blew,
Swelling pains and ulcers grew:
It from the body call'd all sleeping poisons out,
And to them added new;
A noisome spring of sores, as thick as leaves did sprout.

Heaven itself is angry next;
(Woe to man, when Heaven is vext!)
With sullen brow it frown'd,
And murmur'd first in an imperfect sound;
Till Moses, lifting up his hand,
Waves the expected signal of his wand;
And all the full-charg'd clouds in ranged squadrons move,
And fill the spacious plains above;
Through which the rolling thunder first does play,
And opens wide the tempest's noisy way.
And straight a stony shower
Of monstrous hail does downwards pour,
Such as ne'er Winter yet brought forth,
From all her stormy magazines of the north.
It all the beasts and men abroad did slay,
O'er the defaced corpse, like monuments, lay:

The houses and strong-bodied trees it broke,
Nor ask'd aid from the thunder's stroke;
The thunder but for terror through it flew,
The hail alone the work could do.
The dismal lightnings all around,
Some flying through the air, some running on the ground,
Some swimming o'er the water's face,
Fill'd with bright horror every place; [seen,
One would have thought, their dreadful day to have
The very hail, and rain itself, had kindled been.

The infant corn, which yet did scarce appear,
Escap'd this general massacre
Of every thing that grew,
And the well-stored Egyptian year
Began to clothe her fields and trees anew.
When lo; a scorching wind from the burnt countries blew,
And endless legions with it drew
Of greedy locusts; who, where'er
With sounding wings they flew,
Left all the earth depopulate and bare,
As if Winter itself had march'd by there.
Whate'er the Sun and Nile
Gave with large bounty to the thankful soil,
The wretched pillagers bore away,
And the whole Summer was their prey;
Till Moses with a prayer
Breath'd forth a violent western wind,
Which all these living clouds did headlong bear
(No stragglers left behind)
Into the purple sea, and there bestow
On the luxurious fish a feast they ne'er did know.

With untaught joy Pharaoh the news does hear,
And little thinks their fate attends on him and his
so near.

What blindness or what darkness did there e'er
Like this undoeile king's appear!
What, e'er, but that which now does represent
And paint the erime out in the punishment?
From the deep baleful eaves of Hell below,
Where the old mother Night does grow—
Substantial Night, that does diselaim
Privation's empty name—
Through seeret eonduits monstrous shapes arose,
Sueh as the Sun's whole foree eould not oppose:
They with a solid eloud
All Heaven's eclipsed faee did shroud; [earth,
Seem'd, with large wings spread o'er the sea and
To brood up a new Chaos's deformed birth.
And every lamp, and every fire,
Did at the dreadful sight wink and expire,
To th' empyrean source all streams of light seem'd
to retire.
The living men were in their standing houses buried;
But the long Night no slumber knows,
But the short Death finds no repose!
Ten thousand terrors through the darkness fled,
And ghosts eomplain'd, and spirits murmured;
And Faney's multiplying sight
View'd all the seenes invisible of Night.

Of God's dreadful anger these
Were but the first light skirmishes;
The shoek and bloody battle now begins,
The plenteous harvest of full-ripen'd sins.

It was the time when the still Moon
Was mounted softly to her noon,
And dewy sleep, which from Night's secret springs arose,
Gently as Nile the land o'erflows.
When lo! from the high countries of refined day,
The golden heaven without allay—
Whose dross, in the creation purg'd away,
Made up the Sun's adulterate ray—
Michael, the warlike prince, does downwards fly,
Swift as the journies of the sight,
Swift as the race of light,
And with his winged will cuts through the yielding sky.
He pass'd through many a star, and, as he past,
Shone (like a star in them) more brightly there
Than they did in their sphere.
On a tall pyramid's pointed head he stopp'd at last,
And a mild look of sacred pity cast
Down on the sinful land where he was sent,
T' inflict the tardy punishment.
"Ah! yet," said he, "yet stubborn king! repent,
Whilst thus unarm'd I stand,
Ere the keen sword of God fill my commanded hand;
Suffer but yet thyself, and thine to live:
Who would, alas! believe,
That it for man," said he,
"So hard to be forgiven should be,
And yet for God so easy to forgive!"

He spoke, and downwards flew,
And o'er his shining form a well-cut cloud he threw,

Made of the blackest fleece of Night,
And close-wrought, to keep in the powerful light,
Yet wrought so fine it hinder'd not his flight;
But through the key-holes and the chinks of doors,
And through the narrow'st walks of crooked pores,
He past more swift and free,
Than in wide air the wanton swallows flee.
He took a pointed pestilence in his hand;
The spirits of thousand mortal poisons made
The strongly-temper'd blade,
The sharpest sword that e'er was laid [land.
Up in the magazines of God to scourge a wicked
Through Egypt's wicked land his march he took,
And as he march'd the sacred first-born strook
Of every womb; none did he spare,
None, from the meanest beast to Cenchre's purple heir.

The swift approach of endless night
Breaks ope the wounded sleepers' rolling eyes;
They awake the rest with dying cries,
And darkness doubles the affright;
The mixed sounds of scatter'd deaths they hear,
And lose their parted souls 'twixt grief and fear.
Louder than all the shrieking women's voice
Pierces this chaos of confused noise;
As brighter lightning cuts a way
Clear and distinguish'd through the day:
With less complaints the Zoan temples sound,
When the adored heifer's drown'd,
And no true-mark'd successor to be found.
Whilst health and strength, and gladness, does pos-
The festal Hebrew cottages; [sess

The blest destroyer comes not there,
To interrupt the sacred cheer
That new begins their well-reformed year:
Upon their doors he read and understood
God's protection, writ in blood;
Well was he skill'd i' th' character Divine;
And, though he pass'd by it in haste,
He bow'd and worship'd, as he past,
The mighty mystery through its humble sign.

The sword strikes now too deep and near,
Longer with its edge to play;
No diligence or cost they spare
To haste the Hebrews now away,
Pharaoh himself chides their delay;
So kind and bountiful is fear!
But, oh! the bounty which to fear we owe,
Is but like fire struck out of stone;
So hardly got, and quickly gone,
That it scarce out-lives the blow.
Sorrow and fear soon quit the tyrant's breast;
Rage and revenge their place possess'd;
With a vast host of chariots and of horse,
And all his powerful kingdom's ready force,
The travelling nation he pursues; [news.
Ten times o'ercome, he still th' unequal war re-
Fill'd with proud hopes, "At least," said he,
"Th' Egyptian gods, from Syrian magic free,
Will now revenge themselves and me;
Behold what passless rocks on either hand,
Like prison-walls, about them stand,
Whilst the sea bounds their flight before!
And in our injur'd justice they must find
A far worse stop than rocks and seas behind;

Which shall with crimson gore
New paint the water's name, and double dye the shore."

He spoke; and all his host
Approv'd with shouts th' unhappy boast;
A bidden wind bore his vain words away,
And drown'd them in the neighbouring sea.
No means t' escape the faithless travellers spy,
And, with degenerous fear to die,
Curse their new-gotten liberty.
But the great Guide well knew he led them right,
And saw a path hid yet from human sight:
He strikes the raging waves, the waves on either side
Unloose their close embraces, and divide;
And backwards press, as in some solemn show
The crowding people do,
(Though just before no space was seen)
To let th' admired triumph pass between.
The wondering army saw on either hand
The no-less wondering waves like rocks of crystal stand:
They march'd betwixt, and boldly trod
The secret paths of God.
And here and there all scatter'd in their way
The sea's old spoils, and gaping fishes, lay
Deserted on the sandy plain:
The Sun did with astonishment behold
The inmost chambers of the open'd main;
For, whatso'er of old
By his own priests, the poets, has been said,
He never sunk till then into the ocean's bed.

Led cheerfully by a bright captain, Flame,
To th' other shore at morning-dawn they came,
And saw behind th' unguided foe
March disorderly and slow.
The prophet straight from th' Idumean strand
Shakes his imperious wand:
The upper waves, that highest crowded lie,
The beckoning wand espy;
Straight their first right-hand files begin to move,
And, with a murmuring wind,
Give the word "March" to all behind.
The left-hand squadrons no less ready prove,
But, with a joyful, louder noise,
Answer their distant fellows' voice,
And haste to meet them make,
As several troops do all at once a common signal take.
What tongue th' amazement and th' affright can tell,
Which on the Chamian army fell,
When on both sides they saw the roaring main
Broke loose from his invisible chain!
They saw the monstrous death and watery war
Come rolling down loud ruin from afar;
In vain some backward and some forwards fly
With helpless haste; in vain they cry
To their celestial beasts for aid;
In vain their guilty king they upbraid;
In vain on Moses he, and Moses' God, does call,
With a repentance true too late;
They're compass'd round with a devouring fate,
That draws, like a strong net, the mighty sea upon them all.

SELECT POEMS

OF

EDMUND WALLER.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born at Colshill, in Hertfordshire, on the 3d day of March, 1605. He inherited from his father, who died while he was yet in the cradle, a yearly income, which was then worth 3500*l.*; and would now be valued at quadruple the sum. He received his probationary education at Eaton; and became, at an early age, a commoner of King's College, in Cambridge. He commenced politician and poet, in his eighteenth year; when he was made a member of parliament, and wrote the poem 'on the Prince's Escape at St. Andero.' He married Mrs. Banks, a rich heiress of London; who bore him a son and a daughter, and died in childbed, in 1630. Being still young, and wealthy, and gay, he undertook the conquest of Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester; whom he plied with all the verses, which we find addressed to Sacharissa,—but who, in spite of his wit and his poetry, gave her hand to the Earl of Sunderland. In a widowed old age, she met Waller, and asked him, when he intended to write more such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, Madam,' he answered, 'and as handsome as you were then.' But it must not be concluded, that he remained single untill this time. After abandoning all hopes of the high-born Sacharissa, he directed his affections to a lower object, and finally married a lady, whose family was so obscure, that the

name is not yet precisely ascertained. It was Bressa, or Breaux. Waller did not praise her in verses; and all his biographers know of her is, that she gave him five sons and eight daughters.

Between his 28th and 35th years, he wrote the verses 'on the Reduction of Sallee;' 'on the Reparation of St. Paul's;' 'to the King on his Navy;' 'on the Queen Mother;' and 'to the Earl of Sunderland.' During the long recess of Parliament, he enjoyed the society of all those, who were in the high places of government: but, as he was the nephew of Hampden, he could not engage their confidence; and, when the Parliament was assembled, in 1640, he soon made it appear, that their distrust was, by no means, unfounded. He delivered an elaborate speech against the King's demand of a supply;—a speech, which Dr. Johnson calls 'noisy,' because it was not loyal and churchman-like. When he afterwards opposed the abolition of Episcopacy, in the Long Parliament, our master says, he was 'so cool, so reasonable, and so firm, that it is not without great injury to his name that his speech has been hitherto omitted in his works.' And, therefore, he not only inserts it entire,—but cannot help regretting, that he, who could defend the Church so ably, should not have exerted the same ability in favour of the State; that is to say, in the cause of the King. Unfortunately, however, Waller would still speak as he thought; and the dauntless freedom, with which he censured or ridiculed every measure, which he judged impolitic or absurd, made his name a byeword of independence to both parties. Neither would trust him; but both feared him, and would gladly have availed themselves of his co-operation. He was sent, by the Commons, as one of their deputies to treat with the King at Oxford,—not, indeed, to take part in the negotiation,—but to add dignity to the mission: And, when he came to the place of treaty, the King, on

his part, showed him an equal mark of esteem, by assuring him, that, 'though last, he was not the least nor the lowest in his favour.'

He had previously sent him a present of a thousand broad pieces; which, like Philip's subsidy to Demosthenes, had nearly given our orator a silver quinsey. He turned out, at all events, to be an enemy of the Commons; though he was not exactly a friend to the King. He wished all his fellow-subjects to be loyal; but it was with the essential condition that he should make them loyal in his own way. He found, by conversing with his friends and acquaintances, that there were great numbers, who would be loyal, if they durst; that there were still greater numbers, who panted for peace, though afraid to oppose the war; and that it could only be necessary to inform this great party of their own strength, in order to unite them in a petition for a truce, and to frustrate the efforts of the insurgents to raise and appoint an army. About the same time, Sir Nicholas Crispe, who had procured the King 200,000*l.* in his exigency, and had raised and commanded a regiment, at his own expense, was ill-fated enough to anticipate, that the royalists must soon break out in the capital; and, that their rupture need not prove abortive for the want of ready leaders, he prevailed upon the King to send him a general power of appointing, when it should be necessary, such officers as he might deem adequate to the emergency. Waller's plot was discovered, as some say, by a servant, who lurked behind the hangings, while he was conversing with his friends; while others tell us, that it was brought to light by the knavery of a Presbyterian chaplain, who stole his papers. It was detected, however, in some way or other; and, although the two enterprises were entirely distinct, the detection of Crispe's design soon after followed. The commission from the King had been sent by the unconscious hands of Lady Au-

bigney; who knew nothing more of the packet, than that she was to deliver it, on the communication of a certain token from Sir Nicholas Crispe. One Tomkyns, Clerk of the Queen's Council, and a conspirator with his brother-in-law, Waller, was sinistrously chosen to carry this token to Lady Aubigney. He obtained the commission; buried it in his garden; and, when detected in the other plot, led to the discovery of this, by telling where the packet was.

When Waller found himself detected, he was in such utter consternation, that, according to Clarendon, 'he confessed whatever he had heard, said, thought, or seen; all that he knew of himself, and all that he suspected of others, without concealing any person of what degree or quality soever, or any discourse, which he had ever, upon any occasion, entertained with them; what such and such ladies of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of his wit and great reputation, he had been admitted, had spoke to him in their chambers upon the proceedings in the Houses, and how they had encouraged him to oppose them; what correspondence and intercourse they had with some ministers of state at Oxford, and how they had conveyed all intelligence hither.' Waller's plot, of itself, was not so wicked or so bloody as to require this ridiculous alacrity of confession; but the Commons did not fail to identify it with the more hostile design of Crispe; and the two enterprises together formed a most opportune subject of clamorous alarm. It was soon noised, in every direction, that the plot was to seize the lord mayor and all the committee, and not spare one of them: and the Commons, after each had severally subscribed a covenant to detest, oppose, and detect all conspiracies against Parliament, appointed a day of thanksgiving for their wonderful delivery. Tomkyns and Chaloner, two of the ringleaders, were hung near their own doors. 'Waller,' says Clarendon, 'though confessedly the

most guilty, with incredible dissimulation affected such remorse of conscience, that his trial was put off, out of Christian compassion, till he might recover his understanding.' But he was at length tried and condemned by the council of war; and, had it not been for the interference of Essex, all his flattery, and money, and confession, and lamentation, could not have saved him from the halter. He was reprieved; and, after lying in prison a year, was permitted to exile himself to France.

He resided first at Roan; and afterwards at Paris; where he lived with such splendour and hospitality, that it became necessary, at last, to dispose of his wife's jewels. It was natural to begin to think once more of home; and, through the influence of colonel Scroop, who married his sister, he succeeded in obtaining Cromwell's permission to return. He took up his residence at Hallbarn, near Beaconsfield; and, in 1654, repaid the favours of the Protector by writing a panegyric on his virtues. He praised him again, at his death; and, then, at the Restoration, exerted his wit and his elegance, though with unequal success, in favour of Charles the Second. The king mentioned to him the disparity of the two poems; and Waller answered,—'Poets, sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth.' He sat in all the Parliaments of this reign; was the companion of the greatest men in the kingdom; and had such a power of enlivening the bacchanalian carousals of others, though he drank nothing but water himself, that Mr. Saville said, 'no man in England should keep him company without drinking but Ned Waller.' Burnet tells us, 'he was the delight of the House; and, though old, said the liveliest things of any among them.' He was chosen a member of Parliament, again, at the accession of James, in 1685. At what time he quitted the political theatre, does not appear to be known; but, towards the close of life, he purchased

a small house at Coleshill; and said, that, like the stag, he wished to die where he was roused: Like the stag, however, he was disappointed. When his legs began to swell, he went to Windsor for medical aid; and never returned further than Beaconsfield; where he died and was buried, in October, 1687.

From the air of liveliness and ease, which are apparent in all the poems of Waller, one would be led to think, that they were struck out, upon the impulse of occasion. We learn from collateral evidence, however, that he was of a melancholic and contemplative disposition; and that he frequently said and wrote things, as extemporary, which had been the result of much previous reflection. He did not, indeed, write many things as extemporary at all. His wit was quick enough to suggest the ideas; but the language must have been the fruit of study. His verses grew smooth by the reiterated application of the style; and some lines in the Dutchess of York's *Tasso* are said to have been a whole summer under correction. His poems were chiefly written upon unimportant subjects: but Dr. Johnson has made rather a malicious selection of examples; and, when he remarks, that 'it is not easy to think without some contempt on an author, who is growing illustrious in his own opinion by verses, at one time, 'To a lady who can do any thing but sleep when she pleases;' at another, 'To a lady who can sleep when she pleases;' now, 'To a lady on her passing through a crowd of people;' and then, 'On a braid of divers colours woven by four ladies'—he should have recollected, that he had himself indited verses, at one time, to a lady 'playing on a spinet;' at another, to a lady 'playing upon the harpsichord in a room hung with flower-pieces of her own painting;' now, 'On hearing Miss Thrale consulting with a friend about a gown and hat she was inclined to wear;' then, 'at the

request of a gentleman to whom a lady had given a sprig of myrtle;' and, lastly, 'to Claude Philips, the itinerant fiddler.'

After Davies and Denham, the English began to imagine, that their language was not altogether insusceptible of polish; and Waller convinced them, that it might be rendered as smooth and harmonious as that of almost any other nation. He is said to have learned his versification from Fairfax's translation of *Tasso;* of which we subjoin a stanza or two.

But father, since this land, these townes and towers,
Destroied are with sword, with fire and spoile,
How may it be unhurt, that you and yours
In safetie thus, applie your harmlesse toile?
My sonne (quoth he) this poor estate of ours
Is ever safe from storm of warlike broile;
This wilderness doth us in safetie keepe,
No thundering drum no trumpet breaks our sleepe.

Haply just heav'ns defence and shield of right,
Doth love the innocence of simple swains,
The thunderbolts on highest mountains light,
But seld or never strike the lower plaines:
So kings have cause to fear Bellona's might,
Not they whose sweat and toil their dinner gaines.
Nor ever greedie soldier was entised
By povertie, neglected and despised.

It is amusing to follow up a traditional allusion:—

Ὁρᾶς τὰ υπερεχονΓαζῶα ὡς κεραυνοῖ ὁ θεὸς ὐδὲ ἐᾷ φανΓαζεσθαι, τα δὲ σμικρὰ ὐδεν μιν κνιζει; ὁρᾷς δὲ ὡς ἐς οἰκήματα τὰ μεγιςα, ἀεὶ, καὶ δένδρεα τὰ τοιαῦτ' ἀποσκηπΓει βέλεα;

Herod. Hist. l. 7.

Saevius ventis agitatur ingens
Pinus: et celsae graviore casu
Decidunt turres: feriuntque summos
Fulgura montes.

Hor. Carm. l. ii. 6. 7.

The thunderbolts on highest mountains light
And seld or never strike the lower plains.

Tasso, ap. Fairfax.

EDMUND WALLER.

MISCELLANIES.

OF THE DANGER

HIS MAJESTY (BEING PRINCE)

Escaped in the Road at St. Andero.

Now had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own pow'r, the main;
With British bounty in his ship he feasts
The' Hesperian princes, his amazed guests,
To find that wat'ry wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons, echoed from the' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove,
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove;
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves and conquests of our Albion kings.
  Of the Fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head,
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
Till love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquer'd side:
Neglected Warwick (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state)

Woos for his master; and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The lady Bona, whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave the' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have pow'r to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.
What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play,
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon this royal troop engage;
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
These mighty peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge,
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;
They ply their feet, and still the restless ball,
Toss'd to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds,
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons still securely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their sacred load;

Than which a greater pledge Heav'n could not give,
That the good boat this tempest should outlive.
But storms increase, and now no hope of grace
Among them shines, save in the Prince's face;
The rest resign their eourage, skill, and sight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle vessel (wont with state and pride
On the smooth back of silver Thames to ride)
Wanders astonish'd in the angry main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous son,*
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whose desire
Waves threaten now, as that was sear'd by fire.
The' impatient Sea grows impotent and raves,
That, Night assisting, his impetuous waves
Should find resistance from so light a thing;
These surges ruin, those our safety bring.
The' oppressed vessel doth the charge abide,
Only because assail'd on every side:
So men with rage and passion set on fire,
Trembling for haste, impeach their mad desire.
The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To see the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Than with the pleasures of their court before:
Godlike his courage seem'd, whom nor delight
Could soften, nor the face of Death affright.
Next to the pow'r of making tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peaee.
Great Maro could no greater tempest feign,
When the loud winds usurping on the main

* Phaeton.

For angry Juno labour'd to destroy
The hated relics of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows tost
In a tall ship, and all his country lost,
Dissolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight: our hero, set
In a small shallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and sceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flourish'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis love's untasted joys,
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had seen a brighter nymph than she*
That sprung out of his present foe, the sea.
That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raise her waves above
The' heroic Prince's courage or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear, he felt,
The shrine should perish where that image dwelt:
Ah, Love forbid! the noblest of thy train
Should not survive to let her know his pain;
Who, nor his peril minding nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with some less serious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic court,
All highly born, obsequious to her sport:
They roses seem, which in their early pride
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;

* Venus.

She the glad Morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their smiling leaves, and gilds them so;
Like bright Aurora, whose refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of ensuing day,
And warns the shepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy shadows from the threaten'd heat.
From Cupid's string of many shafts, that fled
Wing'd with those plumes which noble Fame had shed,
As through the wondering world she flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the royal maid,
But Love's first summons' seldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had so possest her ears,
That with delight those antique tales she hears
Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
As with his story best resemblance hold.
And now she views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Musæus so divinely sung;
Which art with life and love did so inspire,
That she discerns and favours that desire;
Which there provokes the' advent'rous youth to swim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whose not new love alone, but fortune, seeks
To frame his story like that amorous Greek's.
For from the stern of some good ship appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And, climbing o'er the waves, that taper make
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.

The ship at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large sides
knock;
Whose rage restrain'd, foaming higher swells,
And from her port the weary barge repels,
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be moved for our sister states.
For England is the third successful throw,
And then the genius of that land they know,
Whose prince must be (as their own books devise)
Lord of the scene where now his danger lies.
Well sung the Roman bard, 'All human things
Of dearest value hang on slender strings.'
O see the then sole hope, and, in design
Of Heav'n, our joy, supported by a line!
Which for that instant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends,
One link dissolv'd, the whole creation ends.

ON HIS MAJESTY'S RECEIVING THE NEWS OF

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S DEATH.

So earnest with thy God! can no new care,
No sense of danger, interrupt thy pray'r?
The sacred Wrestler, till a blessing giv'n,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heav'n.
Nor was the stream of thy devotion stopt,
When from the body such a limb was lopt,

As to thy present state was no less maim,
Though thy wise choice has since repair'd the same.
Bold Homer durst not so great virtue feign
In his best pattern:* of Patroclus slain,
With such amazement as weak mothers use,
And frantic gesture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by the' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by royal Hector's lance;
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy bosom, left his high command.
The famous painter† could allow no place
For private sorrow in a prince's face:
Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He cast a veil upon supposed grief.
'Twas want of such a precedent as this
Made the old Heathen frame their gods amiss.
Their Phœbus should not act a fonder part
For the fair boy,‡ than he did for his hart;
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own,
That kept from him wish'd death, hadst thou been known.
He that with thine shall weigh good David's deeds,
Shall find his passion nor his love exceeds:
He curs'd the mountains where his brave friend died,
But let false Ziba with his heir divide;
Where thy immortal love to thy blest friends,
Like that of Heav'n, upon their seed descends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
Godlike, unmov'd and yet, like woman, kind!
Which of the ancient poets had not brought
Our Charles's pedigree from Heav'n, and taught
How some bright dame, compress'd by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

* Achilles. † Timanthes. ‡ Cyparissus.

ON THE TAKING OF SALLE.

Of Jason, Theseus, and such worthies old,
Light seem the tales Antiquity has told:
Such beasts and monsters as their force opprest,
Some places only, and some times infest.
Salle, that scorn'd all pow'r and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatening with a rude
And savage race, successively renew'd;
Their king despising with rebellious pride,
And foes profest to all the world beside;
This pest of mankind gives our hero fame,
And through the' obliged world dilates his name.
  The Prophet once to cruel Agag said,
As thy fierce sword has mothers childless made,
So shall the sword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his sword:
Just Charles like measure has return'd to these,
Whose Pagan hands had stain'd the troubled seas;
With ships they made the spoiled merchant mourn;
With ships their city and themselves are torn.
One squadron of our winged castles sent,
O'erthrew their fort, and all their navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increase,
And act the part of tempests in the seas,
Like hungry wolves, those pirates from our shore
Whole flocks of sheep and ravish'd cattle bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey,
Fools to provoke the sovereign of the sea!
Mad Cacus so, whom like ill fate persuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's seed invades,

Who for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and crush'd that horrid thief.
Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his presence his affairs exact,
Had come in person to have seen and known
The injur'd world's revenger and his own.
Hither he sends the chief among his peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd presents bears;
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchless horse.

UPON HIS MAJESTY'S

REPAIRING OF ST. PAUL'S.

That shipwreck'd vessel which the' Apostle bore,
Scarce suffer'd more upon Melita's shore,
Than did his temple in the sea of time,
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the first Monarch* of this happy isle,
Mov'd with the ruin of so brave a pile,
This work of cost and piety begun,
To be accomplish'd by his glorious son,
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wise sire has to perfection brought;
He, like Amphion, makes those quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap;
For in his art of regiment is found
A power like that of harmony in sound.
Those antique minstrels sure were Charles-like kings,
Cities their lutes, and subjects' hearts their strings,

* King James I.

On which with so divine a hand they strook,
Consent of motion from their breath they took:
So all our minds with his conspire to grace
The Gentiles' great apostle, and deface
Those state-obscuring shades, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad saint shakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his sacred hand:
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd side.

Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of some new structure, to have borne her name.
Two distant virtues in one act we find,
The modesty and greatness of his mind;
Which not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth secure, doth higher climb,
And things half swallowed from the jaws of time
Reduce; an earnest of his grand design,
To frame no new church, but the old refine;
Which, spouse-like, may with comely grace com-
More than by force of argument or hand. [mand,
For doubtful reason few can apprehend,
And war brings ruin where it should amend;
But beauty, with a bloodless conquest, finds
A welcome sovereignty in rudest minds.

Not aught which Sheba's wondering queen beheld,
Amongst the works of Solomon, excell'd
His ships and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.

While the propitious heavens this work attend,
Long-wanted showers they forget to send;
As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.

The sun which riseth to salute the quire,
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend:
The King built all, but Charles the western end.
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens and obliges Heav'n!
Laomedon, that had the gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,*
Could no such structure raise: Troy wall'd so high,
The' Atrides might as well have forc'd the sky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour kings,
To see such pow'r employ'd in peaceful things:
They list not urge it to the dreadful field;
The task is easier to destroy than build.

—Sic gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis— *Hor.*

OF THE QUEEN.

The lark, that shuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble nest, lies silent in the field;
But if (the promise of a cloudless day)
Aurora smiling bids her rise and play,
Then straight she shows 'twas not for want of voice,
Or pow'r to climb, she made so low a choice;
Singing she mounts; her airy wings are stretch'd
Tow'rd Heav'n, as if from Heav'n her note she [fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the busy throng,
Use to restrain the' ambition of our song;
But since the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the court, indulgent to her rage,

* Apollo.

Thither my Muse, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.
  Those sovereign beams which heal the wounded [soul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, control!
There the poor lover, that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's scorn, of his fond passion cur'd,
Fares like the man who first upon the ground
A glow-worm spy'd, supposing he had found
A moving diamond, a breathing stone;
For life it had, and like those jewels shone;
He held it dear, till by the springing day
Inform'd he threw the worthless worm away.
  She saves the lover, as we gangrenes stay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuse
High Heav'n, and these expostulations use:
'Could nature then no private woman grace,
Whom we might dare to love, with such a face,
Such a complexion, and so radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our sight,
What envious pow'r has plac'd this glorious light?'
  Thus in a starry night fond children cry
For the rich spangles that adorn the sky,
Which, though they shine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compassion to mankind;
To whom, while she so far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promise of her face;
For Mercy has, could Mercy's self be seen,
No sweeter look than this propitious queen.
Such guard and comfort the distressed find
From her large pow'r, and from her larger mind,

That whom ill Fate would ruin it prefers,
For all the miserable are made her's.
So the fair tree whereon the eagle builds, [shields:
Poor sheep from tempests, and their shepherds,
The royal bird possesses all the boughs,
But shade and shelter to the flock allows.
  Joy of our age, and safety of the next!
For which so oft thy fertile womb is vext,
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waste thy spirits and diffuse thy blood,
What vast hopes may these islands entertain,
Where monarchs, thus descended, are to reign!
Led by commanders of so fair a line,
Our seas no longer shall our pow'r confine.
  A brave romance who would exactly frame,
First brings his knight from some immortal dame,
And then a weapon and a flaming shield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield.
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the fair pearl and glory of the sea:*
The man to whom great Maro gives such fame,†
From the high bed of heavenly Venus came;
And our next Charles, whom all the stars design
Like wonders to accomplish, springs from thine.

* Thetis. † Æneas.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

FOR NOT APPROACHING THE LADY WHO CAN DO ANY THING BUT SLEEP WHEN SHE PLEASETH.

My charge it is those breaches to repair
Which Nature takes from sorrow, toil, and care:
Rest to the limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her
Whom Heav'n, and her transcendent thoughts, have plac'd
Above those ills which wretched mortals taste.
Bright as the deathless gods, and happy, she
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haste obeys.
Such real pleasure, such true joys dispense,
What dream can I present to recompense?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds seem all at her command;
Or place her in Olympus' top, a guest
Among the' immortals, who with nectar feast,
That pow'r would seem, that entertainment, short.
Of the true splendor of her present court,
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, sever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Ascending, do the seat of sense invade,
No cloud in so serene a mansion find,
To overcast her ever-shining mind,
Which holds resemblance with those spotless skies
Where flowing Nilus want of rain supplies;
That crystal heav'n, where Phœbus never shrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.

But what so hard which numbers cannot force?
So stoops the moon, and rivers change their course.
The bold Mæonian* made me dare to steep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of sleep;
And since the Muses do invoke my pow'r,
I shall no more decline that sacred bow'r
Where Gloriana their great mistress lies,
But gently taming those victorious eyes,
Charm all her senses, till the joyful sun
Without a rival half his course has run;
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boast himself the brightest thing that shines.

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT

SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

Tell me, lovely, loving pair!
  Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care,
  Only to yourselves so dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
  You the pow'r of Love control,
While the Boy's deluded darts
  Can arrive at neither soul.

For in vain to either breast
  Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a foreign guest,
  Neither of your hearts at home.

* Homer.

Debtors thus with like design,
  When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
  To some friend make all away.

Not the silver doves that fly,
  Yok'd in Cytherea's ear,
Not the wings that lift so high,
  And convey her son so far,

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
  Or do more ennoble love;
Are so choicely match'd a pair,
  Or with more consent do move.

OF LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes:
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppress'd,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd the' unruly horse.
  Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress,
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
  All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
  So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled

The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

OF THE

MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

Design or Chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame
And measure out this only dame.
  Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
  To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains top'd with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem:
None may presume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
  Ah, Chloris! that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

MADE TO A SARABAND.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why sit we mute,
  Now that each bird saluteth the spring?
Wind up the slacken'd strings of thy lute,
  Never canst thou want matter to sing;
For love thy breast does fill with such a fire,
That whatsoe'er is fair moves thy desire.

HYL. Sweetest! you know the sweetest of things
  Of various flow'rs the bees do compose;
Yet no particular taste it brings
  Of violet, woodbine, pink, or rose:
So love the result is of all the graces
Which flow from a thousand several faces.

CHLO. Hylas! the birds which chant in this grove,
  Could we but know the language they use,
They would instruct us better in love,
  And reprehend thy inconstant Muse;
For love their breasts does fill with such a fire,
That what they once do choose, bounds their desire.

HYL. Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
  Which the warm season hither does bring;
Time from yourself does further remove
  You than the winter from the gay spring:
She that like lightning shin'd while her face lasted,
The oak now resembles which lightning hath blasted.

ON A BREDE OF DIVERS COLOURS,

WOVEN BY FOUR LADIES.

Twice twenty slender virgin fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies shine.
As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought,
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird when, his fair train dispread,
He woos the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which so adorns the skies,
So glorious is, or boasts so many dyes.

OF A WAR WITH SPAIN,

AND FIGHT AT SEA.

Now for some ages had the pride of Spain
Made the sun shine on half the world in vain,
While she bid War, to all that durst, supply
The place of those her cruelty made die.
Of Nature's bounty men forbore to taste,
And the best portion of the earth lay waste.
From the new world her silver and her gold
Came, like a tempest, to confound the old:
Feeding with these the brib'd electors' hopes,
Alone she gives us emperors and popes:
With these accomplishing her vast designs,
Europe was shaken with her Indian mines.
  When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline,
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,

Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
  And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our Red Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
  Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the' inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.
  Meanwhile the Spaniards in America,
Near to the line the sun approaching saw,
And hop'd their European coasts to find
Clear'd from our ships by the autumnal wind;
Their huge capacious galleons stuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive slowly tow'rd their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns discharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard some ships of ours, (though out of view)
And, swift as eagles, to the quarry flew;
So heedless lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.
  Arriv'd, they soon begin that tragic play,
And with their smoky cannons banish day:
Night, horror, slaughter, with confusion meets,
And in their sable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under different stars one fate they have,
The ship their coffin, and the sea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean first
Spread their new sails, when shipwreck was the worst:
More danger now from man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had sail'd from near the' Antarctic Pole,
Their treasure safe, and all their vessels whole,
In sight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or sea!
What they would spare our fiercer art destroys,
Surpassing storms in terror and in noise.
Once Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
Here Heav'n in vain that kind retreat should sound;
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize; while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down sinks at once (so Fortune with us sports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of courts.
Vain man! whose rage buries as low that store
As avarice had digg'd for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies safer in the deep,
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Those seeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now into her lap the richest prize
Fell, with the noblest of our enemies:
The Marquis* (glad to see the fire destroy
Wealth that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ship his children sent,
To perish in a milder element;

* Of Badajoz.

Then laid him by his burning lady's side,
And, since he could not save her, with her died.
Spices and gums about them melting fry,
And, phœnix-like, in that rich nest they die:
Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd,
And now together are to ashes turn'd;
Ashes! more worth than all their funeral cost,
Than the huge treasure which was with them lost.
These dying lovers, and their floating sons,
Suspend the fight, and silence all our guns:
Beauty and youth, about to perish, finds
Such noble pity in brave English minds,
That (the rich spoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to save their enemies.
How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the sea blush with blood, resign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought they dive.
With these returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath such wreaths enough:
His conquering head has no more room for bays:
Then let it be as the glad nation prays;
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the state fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermine clad, and purple, let him hold
A royal sceptre, made of Spanish gold.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,

AS LATELY IMPROVED BY HIS MAJESTY.

Of the first paradise there's nothing found;
Plants set by Heav'n are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this paradise relate?
  Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers, old as seas, to which they go,
Are Nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river than to build a town.
  For future shade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new stream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them stand:
May they increase as fast, and spread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to see them all
Dark shadows cast, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I see the love that shall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous shade,

The gallants dancing by the river side;
They bathe in summer and in winter slide.
Methinks I hear the music in the boats,
And the loud echo which returns the notes,
While overhead a flock of new sprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the sun control,
Dark'ning the sky: they hover o'er, and shrowd
The wanton sailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath a shoal of silver fishes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' sides:
The ladies angling in the crystal lake,
Feast on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fishes and the men their prize.
A thousand Cupids on the billows ride,
And sea-nymphs enter with the swelling tide;
From Thetis sent as spies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her sovereign's court.
All that can, living, feed the greedy eye
Or dead, the palate, here you may descry:
The choicest things that furnish'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's sheet, inhabiting this Park;
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whose loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the spacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muse knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harvest of cold months laid up,
Gives a fresh coolness to the royal cup:
There ice, like crystal firm, and never lost,
Tempers hot July with December's frost;
Winter's dark prison, whence he cannot fly,
Though the warm spring, his enemy, draws nigh.

Strange! that extremes should thus preserve the [snow,
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.
  Here a well-polish'd Mall gives us the joy
To see our Prince his matchless force employ:
His manly posture and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth, in all his motions seen;
His shape so lovely, and his limbs so strong,
Confirm our hopes we shall obey him long.
No sooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall;
And such a fury from his arm has got,
As from a smoaking culverin it were shot.
  Near this my Muse, what most delights her, sees
A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold sons of Earth, that thrust their arms so high,
As if once more they would invade the sky.
In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,
Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd;
With such old counsellors they did advise,
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.
Free from the' impediments of light and noise,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs,
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his states,
Here he resolves his neighbouring princes' fates;
What nation shall have peace, where war be made.
Determin'd is in this oraculous shade;
The world from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this solitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The prospect thought and contemplation gives.
That seat of empire here salutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themselves apply;

The structure by a prelate* rais'd Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capitol:
Both, disproportion'd to the present state
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that antique pile† behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Those suns of Empire! where they rise they set.
When others fell, this standing did presage
The crown should triumph over popular rage:
Hard by that House‡ where all our ills were shap'd
The' auspicious temple stood, and yet escap'd.
So snow of Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and scatter'd cinders fly;
The distant country in the ruin shares;
What falls from heav'n the burning mountain spares.
Next that capacious Hall§ he sees, the room
Where the whole nation does for justice come;
Under whose large roof flourishes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here, like the people's pastor, he does go,
His flock subjected to his view below:
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private passion does indulgence find:
The pleasures of his youth suspended are,
And made a sacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court compliances, he walks,
And with himself, his best adviser, talks,
How peaceful olives may his temples shade,
For mending laws, and for restoring trade:

* Cardinal Wolsey.
† Westminster Abbey.
‡ House of Commons.
§ Westminster Hall.

Or how his brows may be with laurel eharg'd,
Four nations eonquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of ancient prudenee here he ruminates,
Of rising kingdoms and of falling states:
What ruling arts gave great Augustus fame,
And how Aleides purehas'd sueh a name.
His eyes, upon his native palace* bent,
Close by, suggest a greater argument.
His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that star expect
Whieh at his birth appear'd, to let us see
Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
A prinee on whom such different lights did smile,
Born the divided world to reeoneile!
Whatever Heav'n, or high extraeted blood
Could promise, or foretel, he will make good;
Reform these nations, and improve them more
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

OF THE

INVASION AND DEFEAT OF THE TURKS,

IN THE YEAR 1683.

The modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight,
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.
A prinee with eunuchs and the softer sex
Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,

* St. James's.

Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heav'n,
Forget the truce for which his oath was giv'n.
  His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
The chief imperial city of the west*,
With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.
The flying Turks that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom;
And his guard murmurs, that so often brings
Down from the throne their unsuccessful kings.
  The trembling Sultan's forc'd to expiate
His own ill conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Visier, a tyrant though a slave,
A fair example to his master gave;
He Bassas' heads, to save his own made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preserve, must die.
  The fatal bowstring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he so unjustly fought;
Made the world tremble with a numerous host,
And of undoubted victory did boast.
Strangled he lies; yet seems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and instruct the proud,
That of the great neglecting to be just,
Heav'n in a moment makes an heap of dust.
  The Turks so low, why should the Christian lose
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?
Neglect their present ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with shame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by such a lion led:

* Vienna.

He Rhodes and Buda from the Christians tore,
Which timely union might again restore.
  But, sparing Turks, as if with rage possest,
The Christians perish, by themselves opprest:
Cities and provinces so dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!
  What angel shall descend to reconcile
The Christian states, and end their guilty toil?
A prince more fit from Heav'n we cannot ask
Than Britain's King, for such a glorious task;
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind:
His warrant does the Christian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is sign'd, and Britain does obtain
What Rome had sought from her fierce sons in vain.
  In battles won Fortune a part doth claim,
And soldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this successful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accomplish'd by his royal word
Without unsheathing the destructive sword;
Without a tax upon his subjects laid,
Their peace disturb'd, their plenty, or their trade:
And what can they to such a Prince deny,
With whose desires the greatest kings comply?
  The arts of peace are not to him unknown;
This happy way he march'd into the throne;
And we owe more to Heav'n than to the sword,
The wish'd return of so benign a lord.
  Charles! by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique heroes shall be plac'd.
What Theseus, did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace;

Which on the Turks shall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monsters slain:
Those are bold tales, in fabulous ages told,
This glorious act the living do behold.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boast as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line shall long
Last in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new envy prevails,
And as that dies our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we use ill chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand, our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!

Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope,
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

UPON THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON'S

TRANSLATION OF HORACE, DE ARTE POETICA; AND OF THE USE OF POETRY.

Rome was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The poet writ to noble Piso there;
A noble Piso does instruct us here;
Gives us a pattern in his flowing style,
And with rich precepts does oblige our isle:
Britain! whose genius is in verse express'd,
Bold and sublime, but negligently dress'd.
  Horace will our superfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and set our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horse,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
  Though poets may of inspiration boast,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is lost.
He that proportion'd wonders can disclose,
At once his fancy and his judgment shows.
Chaste moral writing we may learn from hence,
Neglect of which no wit can recompense.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That sacred stream! should never water weeds,
Nor make the crop of thorns and thistles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature sow.
  Well-sounding verses are the charm we use,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuse:
Things of deep sense we may in prose unfold,
But they move more in lofty numbers told.
By the loud trumpet, which our cougear aids,
We learn that sound, as well as sense, persuades.

The Muses' friend, unto himself severe,
With silent pity looks on all that err;
But where a brave, a public, action shines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight;
Praise of great acts he scatters as a seed
Which may the like in coming ages breed.
Here taught the fate of verses, (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much despis'd)
Men will be less indulgent to their faults,
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
Could it be known what they discreetly blot,
Finding new words, that to the ravish'd ear
May like the language of the gods appear,
Such as of old, wise bards employ'd to make
Unpolished men their wild retreats forsake:
Law-giving heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raising cities with their charming lutes:
For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muses taught.
So wandering bees would perish in the air,
Did not a sound proportion'd to their ear,
Appease their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the spoil,
Preserv'd in winter by their summer's toil;
They give us food which may with nectar vie,
And wax that does the absent sun supply.

THE

BATTLE OF THE SUMMER ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how Heav'n smiles
Upon those late discover'd isles!

Aid me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation and two whales I write.
Seas stain'd with gore I sing, adventrous toil!
And how these monsters did disarm an isle.
Bermuda, wall'd with rocks, who does not know?
That happy island where huge lemons grow,
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
The' Hesperian garden boasts of none so fair;
Where shining pearl, and coral, many a pound,
On the rich shore, of ambergris is found.
The lofty cedar, which to Heav'n aspires,
The prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The smoke by which their loaded spits do turn,
For incense might on sacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for kings adorn.
The sweet palmettos a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadest shield,
Under the shadow of whose friendly boughs
They sit, carousing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans show,

With the rare fruit inviting them to spoil
Carthage, the mistress of so rich a soil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at some constant seasons, every year
Their barren tops with luscious food abound,
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worst of things, which they
To English landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the blest tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candied plantains and the juicy pine,
On choicest melons and sweet grapes they dine,
And with potatoes fat their wanton swine.
Nature these cates with such a lavish hand
Pours out among them, that our coarser land
Tastes of that bounty, and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:
For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live;
At once they promise what at once they give.
So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heav'n sure has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
To show how all things were created first.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reserve their fruit for the next age's taste:
There a small grain in some few months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious tree.
The palma-christi, and the fair papà,
Now but the seed, (preventing Nature's law)
In half the circle of the hasty year
Project a shade, and lovely fruits do wear.

And as their trees, in our dull region set,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get,
So in this northern tract our hoarser throats
Utter unripe and ill-constrained notes,
While the supporter of the poet's style,
Phœbus, on them eternally does smile.
Oh! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantain's shade, and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain,
Invoke the Muses, and improve my vein!
No passion there in my free breast should move,
None but the sweet and best of passions, love.
There while I sing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the string so high,
With the sweet sound of Sacharissa's name
I'll make the listening savages grow tame.——
But while I do these pleasing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

CANTO II.

Of their alarm, and how their foes
Discover'd were, this Canto shows.

THOUGH rocks so high about this island rise,
That well they may the numerous Turk despise,
Yet is no human fate exempt from fear,
Which shakes their hearts, while through the isle they hear
A lasting noise, as horrid and as loud
As thunder makes before it breaks the cloud.

Three days they dread this murmur ere they know
From what blind cause the' unwonted sound may [grow:
At length two monsters of unequal size,
Hard by the shore, a fisherman espies;
Two mighty whales! which swelling seas had tost,
And left them prisoners on the rocky coast:
One as a mountain vast, and with her came
A cub, not much inferior to his dam.
Here in a pool, among the rocks engag'd,
They roar'd, like lions caught in toils, and rag'd.
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had seen the like lie murther'd on the shore;
By the wild fury of some tempest cast,
The fate of ships, and shipwreck'd men to taste.
As careless dames, whom wine and sleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So there, sometimes, the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood exposes; when the whales
Against sharp rocks, like reeling vessels quash'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces dash'd;
Along the shore their dreadful limbs lie scatter'd,
Like hills with earthquakes shaken, torn, and shatter'd.
Hearts sure of brass they had who tempted first
Rude seas, that spare not what themselves have nurst.
The welcome news through all the nation spread,
To sudden joy and hope converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Dispose already of the' untaken spoil,
And, as the purchase of their future toil,
These share the bones, and they divide the oil.

So was the huntsman by the bear opprest,
Whose hide he sold—before he caught the beast!
They man their boats, and all their young men arm
With whatsoever may the monsters harm;
Pikes, halberts, spits, and darts that wound so far,
The tools of peace, and instruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to show
What love and honour could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age and lovely lasses crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's share:
Warwick's bold Earl! than which no title bears
A greater sound among our British peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour to that title due,
Whose brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world spread his growing fame.
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, successless toil,
And how the fishes suck'd the isle.

The boat which on the first assault did go,
Strook with a harping-iron the younger foe;
Who, when he felt his side so rudely gor'd,
Loud as the sea that nourish'd him he roar'd.
As a broad bream, to please some curious taste,
While yet alive, in boiling water cast,

Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The scorching brass, and hurls the liquor out;
So with the barbed javelin stung, he raves,
And scourges with his tail the suffering waves.
Like Spenser's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Dissolving at one stroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat;
With every fierce encounter they are fore'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.
  The bigger whale like some huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth sea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly she swims, and when, provok'd, she would
Advance her tail, her head salutes the mud:
The shallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous swinge:
The shining steel her tender sides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
  This sees the cub, and does himself oppose
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With desperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd, the seas with billows fill,
And make a tempest though the winds be still.
  Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this cub away:
Their wish they have: he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her swims, and quits the hostile lake,
A prisoner there but for his mother's sake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.

Their lances spent, one bolder than the rest,
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish beast;
Her oily side devours both blade and haft,
And there his steel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:
Blood flows in rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raise the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal streight.
She swims in blood, and blood does spouting throw
To Heav'n, that Heav'n men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelins in her side she wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears;
You would have thought, had you the monster seen
Thus drest, she had another island been.
Roaring she tears the air with such a noise,
As well resembled the conspiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won,
To reach the ears of her escaped son.
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Hastes to her aid: the pious Trojan* so,
Neglecting for Creüsa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men, amazed, blush to see the seed
Of monsters human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindness, what the Grecian sung,
That love's bright mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeless now, they wish
For composition with the' unconquer'd fish;
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.

* Æneas.

But how instructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous son protected so,
They charge their muskets and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire;
Standing aloof, with lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their fort they are about to send
For the loud engines which their isle defend;
But what those pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on those mighty whales,
Great Neptune will not have us know, who sends
A tide so high that it relieves his friends:
And thus they parted with exchange of arms;
Much blood the monsters lost, and they their arms.

DIVINE POEMS.

OF DIVINE LOVE.

A POEM. IN SIX CANTOS.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant;
Sic nos Scripturæ depascimur aurea dicta;
Aurea! perpetua semper dignissima vita! * *
Nam divinus amor cum cæpit vociferari,
Diffugiunt animi terrores. * * *Lucretius*, lib. iii.

Exul eram, requiesque mihi, non fama, petita est,
Mens intenta suis ne foret usque malis: * *
Namque ubi mota calent sacra mea pectora Musa,
Altior humano spiritus ille malo est.
Ovid. de Tris. lib. iv. el. I.

THE ARGUMENTS.

I. Asserting the authority of the Scripture, in which this love is revealed.
II. The preference and love of God to man in the creation.
III. The same love more amply declared in our redemption.
IV. How necessary this love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itself.
V. Showing how happy the world would be, if this love were universally embraced.
VI. Of preserving this love in our memory, and how useful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

The Grecian Muse has all their gods surviv'd,
Nor Jove at us nor Phœbus is arriv'd;
Frail deities! which first the poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid:

Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagin'd spring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long since despis'd and silent, they afford
Honour and triumph to the' eternal World.
As late philosophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd,
So has this book entitled us to Heav'n,
And rules to guide us to that mansion giv'n:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume does express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But unconcern'd let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom guide.
Religion thus remov'd, the sacred yoke
And band of all society is broke.
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no God but interest?
What endless war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witness what thy swear?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust!
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes
Is the first step tow'rds being good or wise;

For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect.
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy.
His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,
And Sacred Writ our reason does exceed;
For though Heav'n shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his Word;
His mercy this, (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindness and compassion tells:
While we, inform'd by that celestial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd, (which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning) shall our song commend;
Describe itself, and warm us with that flame
Which first from Heav'n, to make us happy, came.

CANTO II.

The fear of hell, or aiming to be blest,
Savours too much of private interest.
This mov'd not Moses, nor the zealous Paul,
Who for their friends abandon'd soul and all:
A greater yet from Heav'n to hell descends,
To save and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praise can fathom such a love,
Which reach'd the lowest bottom from above?
The royal prophet,* that extended grace
From Heav'n to earth, measur'd but half that space.
The law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that poet wrote:

* David.

Heav'n was scarce heard of until He came down,
To make the region where love triumphs known.
  That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world the' Almighty did persuade;
For love it was that first created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chac'd away the night
From the rude Chaos, and bestow'd new grace
On things dispos'd of to their proper place:
Some to rest here, and some to shine above;
Earth, sea, and Heav'n, were all the' effects of love.
And love would be return'd: but there was none
That to themselves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was without a guest,
Till one appears that must excel the rest:
One! like the Author whose capcaious mind
Might, by the glorious work, the Maker find;
Might measure Heav'n, and give each star a name;
With art and courage the rough ocean tame;
Over the globe with swelling sails might go,
And that 'tis round by his experience know:
Make strongest beasts obedient to his will,
And serve his use the fertile earth to till.
When by his word God had accomplish'd all,
Man to create he did a council call;
Employ'd his hand, to give the dust he took
A graceful figure and majestic look;
With his own breath convey'd into his breast
Life, and a soul fit to command the rest;
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
For such a gift, and tell from whence it came.
Birds sing his praises in a wilder note,
But not with lasting numbers and with thought,
Man's great prerogative! but above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.

If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation shakes:
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curs'd the earth, but bruis'd the serpent's head.
Amidst the storm his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the Virgin's seed:
Though justice death, as satisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror should his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love:
His Son descends to treat a peace with those
Which were, and must have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His business here was happiness to give
To those whose malice could not let him live.
Legions of angels, which he might have us'd
(For us resolv'd to perish) he refus'd:
While they stood ready to prevent his loss,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the cross.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by such great love constrain'd
To make return of love. Upon this pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an essay, a taste of Heav'n below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of those that lov'd him he was hid from none.
Till love appear we live in anxious doubt;
But smoke will vanish when that flame breaks out.

This is the fire that would consume our dross,
Refine, and make us richer by the loss.
  Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.
Where love presides, not vice alone does find
No entrance there, but virtues stay behind:
Both faith, and hope, and all the meaner train
Of mortal virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there,
For born in Heav'n, it does but sojoürn here.
  He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives will give his aid:
For he took flesh, that where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;
As man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes: we may with ease
Obedient be, for if we love we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heav'n does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others for his sake.
  'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground,
Wanting this love they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles springing from the curse.

CANTO IV.

To glory man, or misery, is born,
Of his proud foe the envy, or the scorn:
Wretched he is, or happy in extreme;
Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem:
With love, of all created things the best;
Without it, more pernicious than the rest;
For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste.
Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts and monsters Hercules oppprest,
Might in that age some provinces infest;
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of every age, and in all nations reign;
But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.
Impendent death and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy;
But love appearing, all those terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.
They in whose breast this sacred love has place,
Death as a passage to their joy embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obscure the day,
The sun's victorious beams may chase away:

Those which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler star!) must from the soul remove.
Spots are observ'd in that which bounds the year,
This brighter sun moves in a boundless sphere,
Of Heav'n the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among angels, and admits no night.

CANTO V.

This Iron Age (so fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an Age of Gold:
Not as they feign'd, that oaks should honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unsown crop;
Love would make all things easy, safe, and cheap;
None for himself would either sow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harvest than the richest field.
Famine and death confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenness of hearts.
Some pine for want where others surfeit now;
But then we should the use of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy stand,
And spread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bless,
Increase their joy, and make their sufferings less.
Who for himself no miracle would make,
Dispens'd with several for the people's sake:
He that long fasting, would no wonder show,
Made loaves and fishes, as they ate them, grow.
Of all his pow'r which boundless was above,
Here he us'd none but to express his love;
And such a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths we feed.

Laws would be useless which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thrust,
But milder creatures with their freedom trust.
Devils are chain'd, and tremble! but the Spouse
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now so fierce and dangerous see)
Would guardian angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform,
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Isaiah prophesied can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low,
Humble the lofty, the dejected raise, [ways.
Smooth and make straight our rough and crooked
Love, strong as death, and, like it, levels all:
With that possest, the great in title fall:
Themselves esteem but equal to the least,
Whom Heav'n with that high character has blest.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone bestow complete repose on man;
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign strife among the nations cease.
No martial trumpet should disturb our rest,
Nor princes arm, though to subdue the East,
Where for the tomb so many heroes (taught
By those that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love so unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease, or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men;
All of one family, in blood allied,
His precious blood, that for our ransom died!

CANTO VI.

Though the creation (so divinely taught!)
Prints such a lively image on our thought,
That the first-spark of new-created light,
From chaos struck, affects our present sight,
Yet the first Christians did esteem more blest
The day of rising than the day of rest,
That every week might new occasion give
To make his triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muse compose a sacred charm
To keep his blood among us ever warm,
And singing as the blessed do above,
With our last breath dilate this flame of love.
But on so vast a subject who can find
Words that may reach the ideas of his mind?
Our language fails; or, if it could supply,
What mortal thought can raise itself so high?
Despairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this sacred task too hard,
Yet the design, the' endeavour, brings reward,
The contemplation does suspend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted spirit from the sound
Of David's harp a present solace found;
So on this theme while we our Muse engage,
No wounds are felt of Fortune or of Age.
On Divine Love to meditate is peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease.
  Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Power so infinitely kind,

The soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practise how to die;
Employing thus the poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there;
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the East the rising sun comes on.

OF THE FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

The fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace,
And makes all ills that vex us here to cease.
Though the word Fear some men may ill endure,
'Tis such a fear as only makes secure.
Ask of no angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy state.
He that invites will not the' invited mock,
Opening to all that do in earnest knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our assurance rolls upon that sphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my song the morning of our day!
Where that fear is there's nothing to be fear'd:
It brings from Heav'n an angel for a guard.
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for those that do without it live.

It is a beam which he on man lets fall
Of light, by which he made and governs all.
'Tis God alone should not offended be;
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause the sufferings of man
May well be borne: 'tis more than angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Above the angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vext,
And sadly live, in terror of the next.
The world's great conqueror* would his point [pursue,
And wept because he could not find a new;
Which had he done, yet still he would have cried,
To make him work until a third he spied.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heav'n itself, unless it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed;
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth and honour, by such men possest,
If it increase not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in;
Sad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy but in pursuing more;
No! though arriv'd at all the world can aim;
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing but he that made can satisfy.
A thousand worlds, if we with him compare,
Less than so many drops of water are.

* Alexander.

Men take no pleasure but in new designs;
And what they hope for, what they have outshines.
Our sheep and oxen seem no more to crave,
With full content feeding on what they have;
Vex not themselves for an increase of store,
But think to-morrow we shall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heav'n,
They do from us expect it should be giv'n.
We made them not, yet they on us rely,
More than vain men upon the Deity;
More beasts than they! that will not understand
That we are fed from his immediate hand.
Man, that in him has being, moves, and lives,
What can he have or use but what he gives?
So that no bread can nourishment afford,
Or useful be, without his sacred Word.

CANTO II.

Earth praises conquerors for shedding blood,
Heav'n those that love their foes, and do them good.
It is terrestrial honour to be crown'd
For strowing men, like rushes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to rise above them all,
Without the' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminishes mankind,
Does no addition to his stature find;
But he that does a noble nature show,
Obliging others, still does higher grow:
For virtue practis'd such a habit gives,
That among men he like an angel lives:
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell,
Lov'd and admir'd by those he does excel.

Fools anger show, which politicians hide;
Blest with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong:
Nor sees he reason why he should engage,
Or vex his spirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, tost
On raging waves, and in the tempest lost.
The rolling planets, and the glorious sun,
Still keep that order which they first begun:
They their first lesson constantly repeat,
Which their Creator as a law did set.
Above, below, exactly all obey;
But wretched men have found another way:
Knowledge of good and evil, as at first,
(That vain persuasion!) keeps them still accurst!
The Sacred Word refusing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the skilful hand
Of some great master, at the figure stand,
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random strike, and the false hour do show;
So from our Maker wandering, we stray,
Like birds that know not to their nests the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here,
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight,
Behold his face, and shun eternal night.

Silence, my Muse! make not these jewels cheap,
Exposing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read the Sacred Writ is best,
Where great truths are in fewest words exprest.

Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.

O that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes, when we are born again:
Timely they come, to wean us from this earth,
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

OF DIVINE POESY.

IN TWO CANTOS.

Occasioned upon sight of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah turned into verse by Mrs. Wharton.*

CANTO I.

Poets we prize, when in their verse we find
Some great employment of a worthy mind.
Angels have been inquisitive to know
The secret which this oracle does show.
What was to come Isaiah did declare,
Which she describes as if she had been there;
Had seen the wounds, which to the reader's view
She draws so lively, that they bleed anew.
As ivy thrives which on the oak takes hold,
So with the prophet's may her lines grow old!
If they should die, who can the world forgive,
(Such pious lines!) when wanton Sappho's live?
Who with his breath his image did inspire,
Expects it should foment a nobler fire:

* Anne Lee, afterward Marchioness of Wharton.

Not love which brutes as well as men may know;
But love like his to whom that breath we owe.
Verse so design'd, on that high subject wrote,
Is the perfection of an ardent thought;
The smoke which we from burning incense raise,
When we complete the sacrifice of praise.
In boundless verse the fancy soars too high
For any object but the Deity.
What mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the superlatives of wise and fair?
A meaner subject when with these we grace,
A giant's habit on a dwarf we place,
Sacred should be the product of our Muse,
Like that sweet oil, above all private use,
On pain of death forbidden to be made,
But when it should be on the altar laid.
Verse shows a rich inestimable vein,
When dropt from Heaven 'tis thither sent again.
  Of bounty 'tis that he admits our praise,
Which does not him, but us that yield it, raise:
For as that angel up to Heav'n did rise,
Borne on the flame of Manoah's sacrifice;
So, wing'd with praise, we penetrate the sky,
Teach clouds and stars to praise him as we fly;
The whole creation, (by our fall made groan!)
His praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
For that He reigns all creatures should rejoice,
And we with songs supply their want of voice.
The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs of praise their present union show:
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song.
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

Thus we reach Heav'n, while vainer poems must
No higher rise than winds may lift the dust:
From that they spring; this from his breath that gave,
To the first dust, the' immortal soul we have.
His praise well sung, (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the dust, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

He that did first this way of writing grace,*
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in sacred verse unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told.
The writer feels no dire effect of age,
Nor verse, that flows from so divine a rage.
Eldest of poets, he beheld the light,
When first it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he saw, and could distinctly tell
How that confusion into order fell.
As if consulted with, he has exprest
The work of the Creator, and his rest;
How the flood drown'd the first offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, so even and so fair,
Less equal now, uncertain makes the air;
Surpris'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early distempers make our youth look old:
Our days so evil, and so few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.

* Moses.

Strong as the oaks that nourish'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting Heav'n; but we of shorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent fate.
To worms that crawl upon this rubbish here,
This span of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler seat:
Which well observing, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how fast his life declines:
In whom he dwelt before the world was made,
And may again retire when that shall fade.
The lasting Iliads have not liv'd so long
As his and Deborah's triumphant song.
Delphos unknown, no Muse could them inspire
But that which governs the celestial choir.
Heav'n to the pious did this art reveal,
And from their store succeeding poets steal.
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And swell'd so high, by her old Kishon taught,
His river scarce could fierce Achilles stay;
Her's, more successful, swept her foes away.
The host of Heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms, instructed by her fighting stars.
She led them all against the common foe;
But he (misled by what he saw below!)
The pow'rs above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different sides.
The noblest parts which in his heroes shine,
May be but copies of that heroine.
Homer himself, and Agamemnon, she
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth she relates in a sublimer strain
Than all the tales the boldest Greeks could feign;

For what she sung that spirit did endite,
Which gave her courage and success in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchless dame;
From Heav'n her poem and her conquest came.
  Though of the Jews she merit most esteem,
Yet here the Christian has the greater theme:
Her martial song describes how Sisera fell;
This sings our triumph over death and hell.
The rising light employ'd the sacred breath
Of the blest Virgin and Elizabeth.
In songs of joy the angels sung his birth:
Here how he treated was upon the earth
Trembling we read! the' affliction and the scorn,
Which for our guilt so patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and suffering, all belong,
(Though various parts) to one celestial song;
And she, well using so divine an art,
Has in this concert sung the tragic part.
  As Hannah's seed was vow'd to sacred use,
So here this lady consecrates her Muse.
With like reward may Heav'n her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair as by her Muse is born!

ON THE

PARAPHRASE OF THE LORD'S PRAYER,

WRITTEN BY MRS. WHARTON.

SILENCE, you Winds! listen, ethereal Lights!
While our Urania sings what Heav'n indites:
The numbers are the nymph's; but from above
Descends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are instructed to approach his throne;
And how can he to miserable men
Deny requests which his own hand did pen?
  In the Evangelists we find the prose,
Which, paraphras'd by her, a poem grows;
A devout rapture! so divine a hymn,
It may become the highest seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celestial choir,
Sing only what the spirit does inspire.
Taught by our Lord and theirs, with us they may
For all but pardon for offences pray.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF HIS

UPON THE SEVERAL PETITIONS IN THE SAME PRAYER.

I. His sacred name with reverence profound
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;
So low to us does Heav'n vouchsafe to bow!*
He brought it down that taught us how to pray,
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unless he does in our affections reign.
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to his sceptre bring,
Whose yoke is easy, and his burden light,
His service freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in Heav'n, it must be made our own.
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom Nature and the universe obey.
Happy the man! whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd;
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear than to ourselves we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup:
Like new-born babes depending on the breast,
From day to day we on his bounty feast:
Nor should the soul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:

* Psalm xviii. 9.

The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

V. *That he should all our trespasses forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live:
Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclin'd we ask.
This pray'r to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Pow'r above,
Is to extol and imitate his love;
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But use our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe;*
And those we may in several stations know:
The rich and poor in slippery places stand,
Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!
Not ill-persuading want, nor wanton wealth,
But what proportion'd is to life and health:
For not the dead but living sing thy praise,
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

Favete linguis! * * *
Virginibus puerisque canto. *Hor.*

ON THE

FOREGOING DIVINE POEMS.

When we for age could neither read nor write,
The subject made us able to indite:
The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
The body stooping, does her self erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her that, unbodied, can her Maker praise.
  The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when passions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.
  The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

* * * Miratur limen Olympi. *Virg.*

EPISTLES.

TO THE KING.

ON HIS NAVY.

Where'er thy Navy spreads her canvass wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all, she brings:
The French and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and consent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hosts survey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.
Ships heretofore in seas like fishes sped,
The mightiest still upon the smallest fed:
Thou on the deep imposest nobler laws,
And by that justice hast remov'd the cause
Of those rude tempests, which for rapine sent,
Too oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both those fates, of storms and piracy;
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegasean horse.
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another nation as to touch our soil.
Should Nature's self invade the world again,
And o'er the centre spread the liquid main,
Thy pow'r were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:

Thy dreadful fleet would style thee Lord of All,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned ball;
Those towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And visit mountains where they once did grow.
  The world's Restorer once could not endure
That finish'd Babel should those men secure,
Whose pride design'd that fabric to have stood
Above the reach of any second flood;
To thee, his chosen, more indulgent, he
Dares trust such pow'r with so much piety.

TO VAN DYKE.

Rare artisan! whose pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves;
From thy shop of Beauty we
Slaves return'd that enter'd free.
The heedless lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so;
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed fresh again,
With dear remembrance of that face
Where now he reads new hope of grace:
Nor scorn nor cruelty does find,
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her stubborn look
This softness from thy finger took.

Strange! that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act and power of a face.
May'st thou yet thyself as well,
As all the world besides, excel!
So you the' unfeigned truth rehearse,
(That I may make it live in verse,)
Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this:
For who would not repeat that bliss?
And frequent sight of such a dame
Buy with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still,
When Nature's self so often errs?
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the earth,
Which waxed old ere it could see
Her that amaz'd thy art and thee.
  But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where those immortal colours grow
That could this deathless piece compose!
In lilies? or the fading rose?
No; for this theft thou hast climb'd higher
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

TO MY

YOUNG LADY LUCY SIDNEY.

Why came I so untimely forth
  Into a world which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth
  Or shadow of felicity?
That time should me so far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, fairest blossom! do not slight
  That age which you may know so soon:
The rosy Morn resigns her light
  And milder glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders shall you do,
Whose dawning beauty warms us so!

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
  And Summer, though it be less gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
  Of declination or decay:
For with a full hand *that* does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

TO AMORET.

Fair! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love and you.
Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret;
But with wonder I am strook,
While I on the other look.
  If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
  All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine:
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.
  If the soul had free election
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn:
But 'tis sure some pow'r above,
Which controls our wills in love!
  If not love, a strong desire
To create and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
  'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:

If less splendour wait on thine,
Yet they so benignly shine,
I would turn my dazzled sight
To behold their milder light:
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how easily I may do,
Heav'n (as easily scal'd) does know!
  Amoret! as sweet and good
As the most delicious food,
Which but tasted does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.
  Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to madness doth incline;
Such a liquor as no brain
That is mortal can sustain.
  Scarce can I to Heav'n excuse
The devotion which I use
Unto that adored dame!
For 'tis not unlike the same
Which I thither ought to send;
So that if it could take end,
It would to Heav'n itself be due,
To succeed her and not you;
Who already have of me
All that's not idolatry;
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.
  Then smile on me, and I will prove
Wonder is shorter-liv'd than love.

TO A LADY,

SINGING A SONG OF HIS COMPOSING.

Chloris! yourself you so excel,
  When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
  Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
  Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
  Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo, with so sweet a grace,
  Narcissus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
  But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

Here, Cælia! for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy!
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.
  Fool that I was! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise:
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove:

For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill;
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.
  Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.
  The formal stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books;
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art; the motion us'd
By those free vapours are so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide;
And therefore of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care;
And by that pow'r did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape:
She, with her own resemblance, grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.
  Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
  A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success:

For in their story, one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree;
A second, with a lover's haste,
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
But she that did a virgin seem,
Possess'd, appears a wandering stream.
For his supposed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And stands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of the' air.
  To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.
  But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muse of your incensed friend,
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the same;
Again deceive him and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain:
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure lovers know;
Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO A LADY,

FROM WHOM HE RECEIVED A SILVER PEN.

MADAM! intending to have tried
  The silver favour which you gave,
In ink the shining point I dy'd,
  And drench'd it in the sable wave;

When, griev'd to be so foully stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd :—

'Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon,
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrote,
Instructed by her noble thought?

'I, that expressed her commands
To mighty lords and princely dames,
Always most welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
Must now be taught an humble style,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!'

So I, the wronged pen to please,
Make it my humble thanks express
Unto your Ladyship in these:
And now 'tis forced to confess
That your great self did near indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

Chloris! since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which still preserves
Her fruit and state while no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
And the glad earth about her strows
With treasure, from her yielding boughs.

TO A FAIR LADY,

PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE! that such horror and such grace
Should dwell together in one place;
A fury's arm, an angel's face!

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In Chloris' fancy such mistakes,
To start at love, and play with snakes.

By this and by her coldness barr'd,
Her servants have a task too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy Snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that nest of snow
He lies, as he his bliss did know,
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this Snake:
A marble one so warm'd would speak.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

OF THE PRESENT GREATNESS, AND JOINT INTEREST, OF HIS HIGHNESS AND THIS NATION.

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us represt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet.
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the' oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies,
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest.
What may be thought impossible to do
By us embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea,
And every coast may trouble or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend, at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So what our earth and what our heav'n denies
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heaviest metal, hither swims.
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds.
Rome, though her Eagle through the world had [flown,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the Third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flourish'd, and now you;
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cried,
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet; a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against the' unwarlike Persian and the Mede,
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region then their hills of snow,
May blame the sun, but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one.
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state;
While by your valour and your bounteous mind,
Nations, divided by the sea, are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our outguard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror, and the news,
Our neighbour-princes trembled at their roar;
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing sword made war to cease,
And now you heal us with the acts of peace;
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone.
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

To pardon willing, and to punish loth,
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When Fate or Error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,
The only cure which could from Heav'n come down
Was so much pow'r and piety in one!

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine.
The meanest in your nature, mild and good,
The noble rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first over yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live.
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept:

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without [noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast:
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight:

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse.
Here, in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my lord! we'll bays and olive bring.

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside;
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence, and bow.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DENHAM.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF DENHAM.

SIR JOHN DENHAM, the son of Sir John Denham, chief baron of the exchequer in Ireland, was born in Dublin, in 1615. Two years afterwards, his father became a baron of the exchequer in England; and he was himself removed from his native country to London. In 1631, he became a commoner at Oxford; and, three years afterwards, was entered of Lincoln's Inn; where he is said to have studied law with sufficient appearance of application: But, as he translated the second book of the Æneid, in 1636, it is suspected that he gave more time to Virgil than to Plowden; and, as he was often plundered by gamesters, there is little doubt, that he devoted more time to cards and dice, than to Virgil and Plowden together. In 1642, 'he broke out like the Irish rebellion,' says Waller, by the publication of '*The Sophy*;' and, in the following year, he still farther increased his reputation by printing *Coopers Hill*. In 1647, he was engaged, like Cowley, in managing the correspondence of the King and Queen; and, in the following year, he was enabled to convey the Duke of York from London, and deliver him, safely in France, to the Queen and Prince of Wales. At the restoration he was rewarded for these services, by being made surveyor of the King's buildings, and by being created Knight of the Bath. A second mar-

riage rendered him very miserable, if not actually crazy; but he recovered his faculties sufficiently to write the vigorous lines upon the death of Cowley; and was buried by his side, on the 19th of March, 1668.

Denham is the author of a species of composition, which, from its predominant characteristic, has been called the descriptive or local. It is a sort of inversion of the epic; in which landscapes, instead of being merely incidental to the narrative of some historical event, form themselves the fundamental subjects, and are only furnished with reflections, and narratives by way of auxiliary embellishment. The poetry of our author is chiefly distinguished for its strength and harmony; and *Cooper's Hill*, in particular, exhibited to the English nation an example of rythmetical improvement, of which they had previously thought their language insusceptible. Like every other founder of a sect, Denham soon had a host of proselytes; and every corner of the kingdom was shortly a poet's corner. The mania was subsequently imported here; and we have our *Greenfield-Hill.*

DEDICATION.

TO THE KING.

SIR,

After the delivery of your royal father's person into the hands of the army, I undertaking to the queen-mother, that I would find some means to get access to him, she was pleased to send me; and by the help of Hugh Peters, I got my admittance, and coming well instructed from the Queen, (his Majesty having been kept long in the dark) he was pleased to discourse very freely with me of the whole state of his affairs. But, sir, I will not launch into an history instead of an epistle. One morning waiting on him at Causham, smiling upon me, he said he could tell me some news of myself, which was, that he had seen some verses of mine the evening before, (being those to Sir Richard Fanshaw) and asking me when I made them? I told him, two or three years since. He was pleased to say, that having never seen them before, he was afraid I had written them since my return into England; and though he liked them well, he would advise me to write no more; alleging that when men are young, and have little else to do, they might vent the overflowings of their fancy that way; but when they were thought fit for more

serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it would look as if they minded not the way to any better.

Whereupon I stood corrected as long as I had the honour to wait upon him; and at his departure from Hampton Court he was pleased to command me to stay privately at London, to send to him and receive from him all his letters, from and to all his correspondents at home and abroad; and I was furnished with nine several ciphers in order to it; which trust I performed with great safety to the persons with whom we corresponded: but about nine months after, being discovered by their knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, I happily escaped, both for myself and those that held correspondence with me. That time was too hot and busy for such idle speculations: but after I had the good fortune to wait upon your Majesty in Holland and France, you were pleased sometimes to give me arguments to divert and put off the evil hours of our banishment, which now and then fell not short of your Majesty's expectation.

After, when your Majesty, departing from St. Germains to Jersey, was pleased freely (without my asking) to confer upon me that place wherein I have now the honour to serve you, I then gave over poetical lines, and made it my business to draw such others as might be more serviceable to your Majesty, and I hope more lasting. Since that time I never disobeyed my old master's commands till this summer at the Wells, my retirement there tempting me to divert those melancholy thoughts which the new apparitions of foreign invasion and domestic discontent gave us: but these

clouds being now happily blown over, and our sun clearly shining out again, I have recovered the relapse, it being suspected that it would have proved the epidemical disease of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth: yet Socrates, Aristotle, and Cato, did the same; and Scaliger saith, that fragment of Aristotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a Dedication, for those epistles are commonly greater absurdities than any that come after; for what author can reasonably believe that fixing the great name of some eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away censure, and that the first leaf should be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that stand behind it? Neither have I any need of such shifts, for most of the parts of this body have already had your Majesty's view: and having past the test of so clear and sharp sighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who shall presume to dissent from your Majesty will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for those latter parts which have not yet received your Majesty's favourable aspect, if they who have seen them do not flatter me, (for I dare not trust my own judgment) they will make it appear that it is not with me as with most of mankind, who never forsake their darling vices till their vices forsake them; and that this divorce was not *frigiditatis causa*, but an act of choice, and not of necessity. Therefore, sir, I shall only call it an Humble Petition, that your Majesty will please to pardon this new amour to my old mistress, and my

disobedience to his commands, to whose memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a serious reflection upon that wise advice, it carries much greater weight with it now than when it was given; for when age and experience have so ripened man's discretion as to make it fit for use, either in private or public affairs, nothing blasts and corrupts the fruit of it so much as the empty airy reputation of being *nimis poeta;* and therefore I shall take my leave of the Muses, as two of my predecessors did, saying,

> 'Splendidis longum valedico nugis,
> Hic versus, et cætera ludicra pono.'

Your Majesty's most faithful

and loyal subject, and most

dutiful and devoted servant,

JOHN DENHAM.

MISCELLANIES.

COOPER'S HILL.

Sure there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud;
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse,* whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and sor'd above thy height;
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire;

* Mr. Waller.

Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by he best of kings.
Under his proud survey the City lies,
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud,
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems; [run,
Where with like haste, though several ways, they
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh! happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a reverence from the sight:
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 't were meant
To' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.

Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic towers doth grace
The gods' great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that numerous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish C'nute;
(Though this of old no less contest did move
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove)
(Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those several kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward! and thy greater son,*
(The lilies which his father wore he won)
And thy Bellona,† who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame;
She to thy triumph led one captive king,‡
And brought that son which did the second‡ bring;
Then didst thou found that Order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move:)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success,
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.
† Queen Philippa.
‡ The Kings of France and Scotland.

Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from those kings who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear:
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, to whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circles, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him;
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd:
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
The' adjoining abbey fell. (May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse! what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [more;
Were these their crimes? they were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,

Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own;
And yet this art, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least, a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils;
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles:
And thus to the' ages past he makes amends;
Their charity destroys, their faith defends,
Then did Religion, in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell,
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure
But to be cast into a calenture;
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears no Goth, no Turk, did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such the' effects of our devotions are?

Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the Hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays:
Thames! the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity;
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold:
His genuine and less guilty wealth to' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil;
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee; and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme:

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full;
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost:
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars,* and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight;
Though these delights from several causes move,
For so our children, thus our friends, we love)
Wisely she knew the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs,
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe:
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists:
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when Nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth† gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes: his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat;
The common fate of all that's high or great.

* The Forest. † Narcissus.

Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the Hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives,
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs, their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames?
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead; that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece, to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eye, nor Heaven's, should invade
His soft repose; when the' unexpected sound
Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound.
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think the' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.

Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset,
All instruments, all arts of ruin met,
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head;
With these to' avoid, with that his fate to meet,
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their noble sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent:
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies,
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves,
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame,
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam;
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath,
Presents a foe, and every foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,

Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desperate to' essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst: alas! they thirst for blood.
So toward a ship the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which, wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag; among the' enrag'd hounds
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds:
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands: but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,

Fair Liberty pursued *, and meant a prey
To lawless power, here turn'd and stood at bay;
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that Charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this Charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
The' advantage only took the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, gave themselves away,
And ev'n that power that should deny betray.
'Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils.'
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And popular sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows the' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-raised banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure;
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
First a torrent, then a deluge, swells;

* Runny Mead, where the Magna Charta was first sealed.

Stronger and fiercer by restraint, he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his shores.

THE

PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

My early mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease to' infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth;
Now stoop, with disinchanted wings, to truth.
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough:
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
To heav'n her branches, and to hell her roots.

When God from earth form'd Adam in the east,
He his own image on the clay imprest.
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience, (for the world was new)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor the' offence.
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance what he was before;
And though the' offending part felt mortal pain,
The' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood arts to Chaldea fell;
The father of the faithful there did dwell,

Who both their parent and instructor was:
From thence did learning into Egypt pass.
Moses in all the' Egyptian arts was skill'd,
When heavenly power that chosen vessel fill'd;
And we to his high inspiration owe
That what was done before the flood we know.
From Egypt arts their progress made to Greece,
Wrapp'd in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities:
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one:
The' Eternal Cause in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the first divines.
God Moses first, then David, did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire:
To the' one the style of Friend he did impart,
On the' other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Ev'n God the poet of the world doth call.
Next those old Greeks Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom the' oracle call'd Wise.
The divine Plato moral virtue shows,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who Nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach:
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds.
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits.
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence,* to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,

* Græcia Major.

Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome.
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart,
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part,
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues through the universe.
Here some digression I must make, to' accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse!
Couldst thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great ancestors do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd:
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see.
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's skull the Muses' hive,
And from his brain that Helicon distil
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd.
When great Augustus made war's tempests cease,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace:
He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By Horace drawn and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious, that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same.*
What the Tragedian† wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration and not guess:
As dark a truth that author did unfold
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:

* Vates. † Seneca.

'At last the ocean shall unlock the bound*
Of things, and a new world by Typhis found;
Then ages far remote shall understand
The Isle of Thule is not the farthest land.'
Sure God, by these discoveries, did design [shine;
That his clear light through all the world should
But the obstruction from that discord springs
The prince of darkness made 'twixt Christian kings:
That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From heaven the Prince of Peace himself came
down;
Then the true Sun of knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd;
The heavy cause of the' old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood.
His passion man from his first fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;
Satan himself was bound, till the' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent as he tempted man.
Then Hell sends forth her furies. Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy their guide:
Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd.
Though the Apostles these events foretold,
Yet ev'n the shepherd did devour the fold:
The fisher to convert the world began
The pride-convincing of vain-glorious man;
But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted son
Vast patrimonies, though himself had none;

* The Prophecy.

Wresting the text to the old giant's sense,
That heaven once more must suffer violence.
Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize;
Casuists, like cocks, struck out each others' eyes:
Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd:
Then Mahomet's Crescent, by our feuds increas'd,
Blasted the learn'd remainders of the East.
That project when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;
Then he, whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
His faithful emissary rose from hell
To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns, did stand;
And before that exalted idol all
(Whom we call gods on earth) did prostrate fall.
Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
From lazy cells, where superstition bred.
Which, link'd with blind obedience, so increas'd,
That the whole world some ages they oppress'd:
Till through those clouds the Sun of knowledge
And Europe from her lethargy did wake; [brake,
Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches' nursing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the false ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
Then his well-studied masterpiece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin, he inspires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires;
Sends their forerunner (conscious of the' event)
Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
Into the press from ruin'd cloisters leapt.

No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilst every man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay-elders from their ends create their god.
But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know seven who think themselves not so.
When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd;
Almost as many minds as men we find;
And when that flame finds combustible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth;
Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
Such were the Centaurs, of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the clashes between popes and kings
Debate, like sparks from flints' collision, springs.
As Jove's loud thunderbolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat:
All the rich mines of Learning ransack'd are
To furnish ammunition for this war;
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passions sets.
'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted are the worst.
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world.
That sun like this (from which our sight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
And when thick mists of doubts obscure his beams,
Our guide is error, and our visions dreams.

'Twas no false heraldry when Madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew.
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils.
When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line.
True piety without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost;
And like a ball bandied 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The theist looking on enjoys the spoils.
Through seas of knowledge we our course advance,
Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discoveries make us all confess,
That sublunary science is but guess.
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion:
The standers-by see clearly this event;
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent.
With their new light our bold inspectors press,
Like Cham, to show their father's nakedness,
By whose example after ages may
Discover we more naked are than they.
All human wisdom to divine is folly:
This truth the wisest man made melancholy.
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief.
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not so,
Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
Our God, when Heaven and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate.
If our lives' motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.

When, like a bridegroom, from the east the sun
Sets forth, he thither whence he came doth run.
Into earth's spungy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks:
So Learning, which from reason's fountain springs,
Back to the source some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

> 'Ut metit Autumnus fruges quas parturit æstas,
> Sic ortum Natura, dedit Deus his quoque finen.'

ON

THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S

TRIAL AND DEATH.

Great Strafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten but thy fall,
Crush'd by imaginary treason's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate.
As chemists gold from brass by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treason forg'd by law.
His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms' wonder, and three kingdoms' fear,
Whilst single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake:
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker on than he.
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.

Now private pity strove with public hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate.
Now they could him if he could them forgive;
He's not too guilty, but too wise to live:
Less seem those facts which treason's nickname bore
Than such a fear'd ability for more.
They, after death, their fears of him express,
His innocence and their own guilt confess.
Their legislative phrenzy they repent,
Enacting, it should make no precedent.
This fate he could have scap'd, but would not lose
Honour for life, but rather nobly chose
Death from their fears than safety from his own.
That his last action all the rest might crown.

ON

MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S DEATH,

AND BURIAL AMONGST THE ANCIENT POETS.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far:
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires!
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines.
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines;

These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays:
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happier share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own:
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators.
Horace's wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb but not their clothes did wear.
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the Golden Fleece,
To him that language (though to none
Of the' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus* sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings,

* His Pindarics.

When through the' ethereal clouds he flies;
To the same pitch our swan doth rise.
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all, that saw and tasted, know:
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,*
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear.
Of that great portraiture so true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muse her song had ended here,
But both their genii straight appear:
Joy and amazement her did strike;
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas taught by wise Pythagoras
One soul might through more bodies pass:
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts,
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell
And show the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books;

* His last works.

Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with the' harmonious spheres keep time.
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd:
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r:
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

ON

MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S WORKS.

So shall we joy, when all whom beasts and worms
Have turn'd to their own substances and forms;
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We shall behold more than at first entire;
As now we do to see all thine thy own
In this my Muse's resurrection,

Whose scatter'd parts from thy own race more wounds
Hath suffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which first their brains and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muse enraged, from her urn,
Like ghosts of murder'd bodies, does return
To' accuse the murderers, to right the stage,
And undeceive the long-abused age,
Which casts thy praise on them to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give dross to it:
Who, not content, like felons, to purloin,
Add treason to it, and debase the coin.
But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise;
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.
Then was Wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and sinking with its weight,
From thence a thousand lesser poets sprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonson, Shakspeare, and thyself, did sit,
And sway'd in the triumvirate of wit—
Yet what from Jonson's oil and sweat did flow,
Or what more easy Nature did bestow,
On Shakspeare's gentler Muse, in thee, full grown,
Their graces both appear, yet so that none
Can say here Nature ends and Art begins,
But, mix'd like the elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, so like, so much the same,
None this mere Nature that mere Art can name.
'Twas this the ancients meant: nature and skill
Are the two tops of their Parnassus' hill.

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH OF HENRY LORD HASTINGS, 1650.

Reader, preserve thy peace: those busy eyes
Will weep at their own sad discoveries,
When every line they add improves thy loss,
Till having view'd the whole, they sum a cross,
Such as derides thy passions' best relief,
And scorns the succours of thy easy grief;
Yet lest thy ignorance betray thy name
Of man and pious, read and mourn: the shame
Of an exemption from just sense doth show
Irrational, beyond excess of woe.
Since reason, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncensur'd, pay that tribute here
Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
Dust far more precious than in India's veins:
Within these cold embraces, ravish'd, lies
That which completes the ages' tyrannies;
Who weak to such another ill appear,
For what destroys our hope, secures our fear.
What sin, unexpiated in this land
Of groans hath guided so severe a hand!
The late great victim* that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods! might have excus'd this new
Oblation, and have spar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our steps aright;
By whose example good, condemned, we
Might have run on to kinder destiny;

* King Charles the First.

But as the leader of the herd fell first
A sacrifice, to quench the raging thirst
Of inflam'd vengeance for past crimes; so none
But this white fated youngling could atone,
By his untimely fate, that impious smoke
That sullied earth, and did Heaven's pity choke.
Let it suffice for us, that we have lost
In him more than the widow'd world can boast
In any lump of her remaining clay.
Fair as the grey-ey'd morn he was; the day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards still, imparts
No haste like that of his increasing parts.
Like the meridian beam his virtue's light
Was seen as full of comfort, and as bright.
Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now submits to night,
In the black bosom of whose sable spite
He leaves a cloud of flesh behind, and flies,
Refin'd, all ray and glory to the skies.
Great saint! shine there in an eternal sphere,
And tell those powers to whom thou now draw'st near,
That by our trembling sense, in Hastings dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read,
The short lines of whose life did to our eyes
Their love and majesty epitomise:
Tell them, whose stern decrees impose our laws,
The feasted grave may close her hollow jaws.
Though sin search Nature, to provide her here
A second entertainment half so dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearse,
Till Time present her with the universe.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF JUDGE CROOKE.*

(From Harl. M S. 6933)

This was the man the glory of the gown,
Just to himself, his country, and the crown!
The Atlas of our liberty, as high
In his own fame as other's infamy!
Great by his virtues, great by others' crimes,
The best of Judges in the worst of times!
He was the first, who happily did sound
Unfathom'd royalty, and felt the ground;
Yet happier to behold that dawning ray,
Shot from himself, became a perfect day;
To hear his judgment so authentic grown,
The kingdom's voice the echo to his own.
Nor did he speak, but live the laws; although
From his sage mouth grave oracles did flow.
Who knew his life, maxims might thence derive
Such as the law to law itself might give.
Who saw him on the bench, might think the name
Of friendship or affection never came
Within his thoughts; who saw him, thence might know
He never had, nor could deserve, a foe;

* This poem was one of Denham's best, and was first printed in the Topographer, vol. ii. Sir George Crooke was made a Judge of the King's Bench in 1629; and rendered himself famous by his dissent from his brethren on the question of ship money. His Reports are still in high repute. He died Feb. 15, 1641, at the age of 82.

Only assuming rigour with his gown,
And with his purple laid his rigour down.
  Him nor respect nor disrespect could move,
He knew no anger, nor his place no love;
So mix'd the stream of all his actions ran,
So much a Judge, so much a gentleman:
Who durst be just, when justice was a crime,
Yet durst no more, e'en in too just a time:
Not hurried by the highest mover's force
Against his proper and resolved course;
But when our world did turn, so kept his ground,
He seem'd the axe, on which the wheel went round;
Whose zeal was warm, when all to ice did turn,
Yet was but warm, when all the world did burn.
No ague in religion e'er inclin'd
To this or that extreme his fixed mind.
  Rest, happy soul! till the world's last assize,
When call'd by thy Creator thou shall rise,
With thy Redeemer in commission join'd,
To sit upon the clouds, and judge mankind.

ON

MY LORD CROFT'S

AND MY JOURNEY INTO POLAND.

From whence we brought 10,000*l. for his Majesty, by the decimation of his Scotish subjects there.*

  Toll, toll,
Gentle bell! for the soul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our scroll.

Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their stubbornness was such,

That when we did arrive,
'Gainst the stream we did strive;
They would neither lead nor drive;

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an answer would send
To our letter so well pen'd;

Nor assist our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their answer now declares;
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did persist,
Did and said what they list,
Till the Diet was dismist;
But then our breech they kist.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They should pay one in ten,
The Diet said, Amen.

And because they are loth
To discover the truth,
They must give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the constitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the son.

But John
(Our friend Mollesson)
Thought us to have outgone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before
Of the mischiefs in store,
Aye, and thrice as much more:

And with that wicked lie
A letter they came by
From our King's majesty.

But Fate
Brought the letter too late?
'Twas of too late a date
'To relieve their damn'd state.

The letter's to be seen,
With seal of wax so green,
At Dantzie, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Must also pay his stint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the messenger fell sick.

Had it later been wrote,
  And sooner been brought,
They had got what they sought;
  But now it serves for nought.

On Sandys* they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thousand pound.

ON

MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW'S

RETURN FROM VENICE,

AND MR. WILLIAM MURREY'S

FROM SCOTLAND.

  Our resident Tom
  From Venice is come,
And hath left the statesman behind him;
  Talks at the same pitch,
  Is as wise, is as rich;
And just where you left him you find him.

  But who says he was not
  A man of much plot,
May repent that false accusation;
  Having plotted and pen'd
  Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

*Mr. W.

Before you were told
How Satan* the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the same,
At the noise of a can and a fiddle.

These statesmen, you believe,
Send straight for the shrieve,
For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a shrewd sign
That all's not so well as it should be.

These three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of banishment, debts, or dying?
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears,
But their angry stars still defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor sobriety sad;
But of that they are seldom in danger:
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague, they're at home;
The good fellow is no where a stranger.

* Mr. W. Murrey.

NATURA NATURATA.

What gives us that fantastic fit,
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar custom we submit?

Treason, theft, murder, and all the rest
Of that foul legion we so detest,
Are in their proper names exprest.

Why is it then thought sin or shame
Those necessary parts to name
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature, whate'er she wants, requires;
With love inflaming our desires,
Finds engines fit to quench those fires:

Death she abhors; yet when men die
We're present; but no stander-by
Looks on, when we that loss supply,

Forbidden wares sell twice as dear;
Ev'n sack prohibited last year
A most abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raise, by that device,
Of those commodities the price.

Thus reason's shadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led astray,
From Nature, both her guide and way.

FRIENDSHIP AND SINGLE LIFE

AGAINTS LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Love! in what poison is thy dart
Dip'd, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know but they who feel the smart.

It is not thou but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel resorts;
Through those deceitful sallyports
Our centinels betray our forts.

What subtle witchcraft man constrains
To change his pleasure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a prison, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a slave.

How happy he that loves not lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives
To Fortune who no hostage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneasy, finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth, attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife or wanton boy
May all those generous thoughts destroy.

Then he lays by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to spare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight:

Though still his foes in numbers grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet, left alone, no fear he knew.

But Death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he sees and hears,
For whom he leads and whom he bears.*

Love, making all things else his foes,
Like a fierce torrent overflows
Whatever doth his course oppose.

This was the cause, the poets sung,
Thy mother from the sea was sprung;
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her son, art thou:
From our desires our actions grow;
And from the cause the' effect must flow.

* His father and son.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandsire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'st thou keep this world in awe,
Religion, wisdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus resigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder to the god of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) his flaming shield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whose airy bliss
Much higher than fruition is;
But less than nothing, if it miss.

When matchless Love alone projects,
The cause transcending the effects,
That wildfire's quench'd in cold neglects:

Whilst those conjunctions prove the best,
Where Love's of blindness dispossest
By perspectives of interest.

Though Solomon with a thousand wives
To get a wise successor strives,
But one (and he a fool) survives.

Old Rome of children took no care;
They with their friends their beds did share,
Secure to' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love drowsy days and stormy nights
Makes and breaks friendship, whose delights
Feed, but not glut, our appetites.

Well-chosen friendship, the most noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when the' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealousy,
Make friendship languish till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themselves forbear:

Yet timorous deer and harmless sheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of Nature cease to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own set fire on Troy?

Such is the world's preposterous fate,
Amongst all creatures mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But Love may beasts excuse, for they
Their actions not by reason sway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man's that savage beast, whose mind,
From reason to self-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

SPEECH AGAINST PEACE

AT THE CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of 'I went from England.'

But will you now to peace incline,
And languish in the main design,
  And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy destroy,
But as the only way to' enjoy
  The ruin of the church.

Is not the Bishop's bill denied,
And we still threaten'd to be tried?
  You see the King embraces
Those counsels he approv'd before;
Nor doth he promise, which is more,
  That we shall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no secret now) the plot
  Was Saye's and mine together.
Did I for this return again,
And spend a winter there in vain,
  Once more to' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cause
Their brotherly assistance draws,
  My labour was not lost:
At my return I brought you thence
Necessity, their strong pretence,
  And these shall quit the cost.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight against their king,
  And raise the first sedition?
Though I the business did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole design,
  And sent them their petition.

So many nights spent in the City
In that invisible Committee,
  The wheel that governs all:
From thence the change in church and state,
And all the mischief bears the date
  From Haberdashers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to despair,
Upon the King to cast the war,
  To make the world abhor him,
Because the rebels us'd his name?
Though we ourselves can do the same,
  While both alike were for him.

Then the same fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
  And wisely lost that nation:
To do as crafty beggars use,
To maim themselves, thereby to' abuse
  The simple man's compassion.

Have I so often pass'd between
Windsor and Westminster unseen,
  And did myself divide,
To keep his Excellence in awe,
And give the Parliament the law?
  For they knew none beside.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
  And did their lungs inspire;
Gave them their texts, show'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts
  To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, sometimes to threaten,
And say the Cavaliers are beaten,
  To stroke the people's ears;
Then straight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
  To raise the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act, the preacher tells,
  To edify the people:
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal use
  The pulpit and the steeple.

And shall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again?
  And must we now give o'er,
And only end where we begun?
In vain this mischief we have done,
  If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where's the necessity to fight,
  That breaks both law and oath?
They'll say they fight not for the cause,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
  But us, against them both.

Either the cause at first was ill,
Or, being good, it is so still;
  And thence they will infer
That either now or at the first
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worst,
  That we ourselves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
  And cannot go asunder:
But while the wicked starve, indeed,
The saints have ready at their need
  God's providence and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail:
  When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our least of praise,
Since a new state we could not raise,
  To have destroy'd the old.

Then let us stay, and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
  Oh! 'tis a patient beast!
When we have gall'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
  We'll have the spoil at least.

TO THE FIVE MEMBERS OF

THE HON. HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

After so many concurring petitions,
From all ages, and sexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to present our follies
To Pym, Stroud, Haslerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though set form of prayer be an abomination,*
Set forms of petition find great approbation;
Therefore as others from the' bottom of their souls,
So we, from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bless'd form you have taught us,
We thank you first for the ills you have brought us;
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it;
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next, in course, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege: (like the rest of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have spoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance or power legislative.
And first, 'tis to speak whatever we please,
Without fear of a prison or pursuivants' fees.
Next, that we only may lie by authority;
But in that also you have got the priority.
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical Licence, and always did claim it,
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonsense to sense, and falsehood to truth:
In brief, to make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art some poet or the devil has taught ye:

And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houses have made it.
But that trust above all in poets reposed,
That kings by them only are made and deposed;
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing;
But when we undertake deposing or killing,
They're tyrants and monsters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it.
And when we resume a sceptre or crown,
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own.
But is't not presumption to write verses to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all those pretty knacks you compose,
Alas! what are they but poems in prose?
And between those and ours there's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense.
But for lying (the most noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourselves know it:
And though you are modest, and seem to abhor it,
It has done you good service, and thank hell for it.
Although the old maxim remains still in force,
That a sanctified cause must have a sanctified course,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made;
Nay, even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made King Charles himself a poet:
But provoke not his Muse, for all the world knows
Already you have had too much of his prose.

A

WESTERN WONDER.

Do you not know,
Not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Western wonder?
When a hundred and ten
Slew five thousand men,
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopeton was slain,
Again and again,
Or else my author did lie;
With a new thanksgiving
For the dead who are living,
To God and his servant Chidleigh.

But now on which side
Was this miracle tried?
I hope we at last are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves
Are risen from their graves
To cudgel the clowns of Deven.

And there Stamford came,
For his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought,
But a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For now he outruns
His arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him.
But they follow after;
Unless he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath cost,
And Stamford hath lost,
Goes deep in the sequestrations;
These wounds will not heal
With your new great seal,
Nor Jepson's declarations.

Now Peters and Case,
In your pray'r and grace,
Remember the new thanksgiving;
Isaac and his wife,
Now dig for your life,
Or shortly you'll dig for your living.

A

SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

You heard of that Wonder,
Of the lightning and thunder,
Which made the lie so much the louder:
Now list to another,
That miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of powder.

O, what a damp
It struck through the camp!
But as for honest Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies
Without beard or eyes,
But at least three heads and a half.

When out came the book,
Which the newsmonger took
From the preaching lady's letter,
Where, in the first place,
Stood the conqueror's face,
Which made it show much the better.

But now, without lying,
You may paint him flying,
At Bristol they say you may find him:
Great William the Con,
So fast he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the post,
Save all that was lost;
But, alas! we are past deceiving
By a trick so stale,
Or else such a tale
Might amount to a new Thanksgiving.

This made Mr. Case
With a pitiful face
In the pulpit to fall a-weeping;
Though his mouth utter'd lies,
Truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord Mayor from sleeping.

Now shut up shops,
And spend your last drops
For the laws, not your cause, you that loath 'em,
Lest Essex should start,
And play the second part
Of the worshipful Sir John Hotham.

TO

SIR JOHN MENNIS,

BEING INVITED FROM CALAIS TO BOLOGNE TO EAT A PIG.

All on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little Admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom, I think, they call Old Loven.

Hadst thou not thy fill of carting,*
Will. Aubrey, Count of Oxon,
When nose lay in breech,
And breech made a speech,
So often cried a pox on!

A knight by land and water
Esteem'd at such a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent
In a cart that he went,
They'll say now, 'Hang him, pirate.'

* We three riding in a cart from Dunkirk to Calais with a fat Dutch woman, who broke wind all along.

Thou might'st have ta'en example
From what thou read'st in story,
  Being as worthy to sit
  On an ambling tit,
As thy predecessor Dory.

But, oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a shelter:
  But the rain made an ass
  Of tilt and canvass,
And the snow, which you know is a melter.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender stripling Astcot,
  Who was soak'd to the skin
  Through drugget so thin,
Having neither coat nor waistcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
  Defied cart so base,
  For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
  One day for to sing,
  With gullet in string,
A hymn of Robert Wisdom.

But what was all this bus'ness?
For sure it was important;
  For who rides i' th' wet,
  When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a sport on't.

To a goodly fat sow's baby,
O John! thou hadst a malice;
  The old driver of swine
  That day sure was thine,
Or thou hadst not quitted Calais.

EPISTLES.

TO

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

UPON HIS TRANSLATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate:
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modesty or choice.
While this great piece, restor'd by thee, doth stand
Free from the blemish of an artless hand,
Secure of fame, thou justly dost esteem
Less honour to create than to redeem.
Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
Attempt translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line:
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make translations and translators too:

They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame:
Fording his current, where thou find'st it low
Lett'st in thine own, to make it rise and flow,
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'st his music to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some scenes, some persons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was less their own.
That master's hand, which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder stroke express
A varied posture or a flattering dress:
He could have made those like who made the rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

TO

THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON 'THE BRITISH PRINCES.'

What mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
One single rapture scarce itself confines
Within the limits of four thousand lines:

And yet I hope to see this noble heat
Continue, till it makes the piece complete,
That to the latter age it may descend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poësy joins profit with delight
Her images should be most exquisite,
Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise:
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind:
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
Would think he had beheld their bless'd abodes;
And that his hero might accomplish'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
And by the best original does draw
Bonduca's honour, with those heroes time
Had in oblivion wrapt his saucy crime:
To them and to your nation you are just,
In raising up their glories from the dust;
And to old England you that right have done,
To show no story nobler than her own.

SONGS.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER:

OR, A PROPER NEW BALLAD OF CERTAIN CARNAL PASSAGES BETWIXT A QUAKER AND A COLT, AT HORSLEY, NEAR COLCHESTER, IN ESSEX.

To the tune of 'Tom of Bedlam.'

All in the land of Essex,
Near Colchester the zealous,
  On the side of a bank
  Was play'd such a prank
As would make a stone-horse jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox, and Naylor,
For brother Green's a stallion:
  Now, alas! what hope
  Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

Even to our whole profession
A scandal 'twill be counted,
  When 'tis talk'd with disdain
  Amongst the profane
How Brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Christmas,
Which though our saints have damn'd all,
  Yet when did they hear
  That a damn'd Cavalier
Ever play'd such a Christmas gambol?

Had thy flesh, O Green! been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
  Hadst thou sweeten'd thy gums
  With pottage of plums,
Or profane minc'd-pie had swallow'd;

Roll'd up in wanton swine's flesh
The fiend might have crept into thee;
  Then fullness of gut
  Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have so rid through thee.

But, alas! he had been feasted
With a spiritual collation
  By our frugal Mayor,
  Who can dine on a prayer,
And sup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulse of spirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
  'Filly-Foal, (quoth he)
  My bride thou shalt be;
And how this is lawful learn all:

'For if no respect of persons
Be due 'mongst sons of Adam,
  In a large extent
  Thereby may be meant
That a mare 's as good as a madam.'

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiss'd her,
  But took her by force,
  For better for worse,
And us'd her like a sister.

Now when in such a saddle
A saint will needs be riding,
  Though we dare not say
  'Tis a falling away,
May there not be some backsliding.'

'No surely, (quoth James Naylor)
'Twas but an insurrection
  Of the carnal part,
  For a Quaker in heart
Can never lose perfection.

'For (as our masters* teach us)
The' intent being well directed,
  Though the devil trepan
  The Adamical man,
The saint stands uninfected.'

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what's intended;
  Then say what we can,
  Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be suspended.

And our adopted sister
Will find no better quarter;
  But when him we enrol
  For a saint, Filly-Foal
Shall pass herself for a martyr.

* The Jesuits.

Rome, that spiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colchester! now
Who's Sodom but thou,
E'en according to the letter?

SONG.

Morpheus! the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down,
And though he fears no prince's frown
Flies from the circle of a crown:

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dip'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, (alas!) why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

TRANSLATION.

PREFACE

TO THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY, &c.

THERE are so few translations which deserve praise, that I scarce ever saw any which deserved pardon; those who travel in that kind being, for the most part, so unhappy as to rob others without enriching themselves, pulling down the fame of good authors without raising their own; neither hath any author been more hardly dealt withal than this our master; and the reason is evident, for what is most excellent is most inimitable; and if even the worst authors are yet made worse by their translators, how impossible is it not to do great injury to the best? And, therefore, I have not the vanity to think my copy equal to the original, nor (consequently) myself altogether guiltless of what I accuse others; but if I can do Virgil less injury than others have done, it will be in some degree to do him right; and, indeed, the hope of doing him more right is the only scope of this essay, by opening a new way of translating this author to

those whom youth, leisure, and better fortune, make fitter for such undertakings.

I conceive it as a vulgar error in translating poets to affect being *fidus interpres;* let that care be with them who deal in matters of fact, or matters of faith: but whosoever aims at it in poetry, as he attempts what is not required, so he shall never perform what he attempts: for it is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy; and poesy is of so subtle a spirit, that in the pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum,* there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words; and whosoever offers at verbal translation shall have the misfortune of that young traveller who lost his own language abroad, and brought home no other instead of it: for the grace of the Latin will be lost by being turned into English words, and the grace of the English by being turned into the Latin phrase. And as speech is the apparel of our thoughts, so are there certain garbs and modes of speaking which vary with the times, the fashion of our clothes being not more subject to alteration than that of our speech: and this I think Tacitus meant by that which he calls *sermonem temporis istius auribus accommodatum;* the delight of change being as due to the curiosity of the ear as of the eye; and, therefore, if Virgil must needs speak English, it were fit he should speak not only as a man of this nation, but as a man of this age; and if this disguise I have put upon him (I

wish I could give it a better name) sit not naturally and easily on so grave a person, yet it may become him better than that fool's coat wherein the French and Italians have of late represented him; at least, I hope it will not make him appear deformed, by making any part enormously bigger or less than the life; (I having made it my principal care to follow him, as he made it his to follow nature, in all his proportions) neither have I any where offered such violence to his sense as to make it seem mine and not his. Where my expressions are not so full as his, either our language or my art was defective; (but I rather suspect myself:) but where mine are fuller than his, they are but the impressions which the often reading of him hath left upon my thoughts; so that if they are not his own conceptions, they are at least the results of them; and if (being conscious of making him speak worse than he did almost in every line) I err in endeavouring sometimes to make him speak better, I hope it will be judged an error on the right hand, and such an one as may deserve pardon, if not imitation.

THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY.

AN

ESSAY ON THE SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

Written in the year 1636.

ARGUMENT.

THE first book speaks of Æneas' voyage by sea, and how, being cast by tempest upon the coast of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feast, desires him to make the relation of the destruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this book.

WHILE all with silence and attention wait,
Thus speaks Æneas from the bed of state:
'Madam when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all those sorrows to my sense restore,
Whereof none saw so much, none suffer'd more.
Not the most cruel of our conquering foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repress the horror of my thoughts, which fly
The sad remembrance? Now the' expiring night
And the declining stars to rest invite!
Yet since 'tis your command, what you so well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.

By Fate repell'd, and with repulses tir'd,
The Greeks, so many lives and years expir'd,
A fabric like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return: this Fame
Divulges: then within the beast's vast womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb.
In view the isle of Tenedos, once high
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie;
(Now but an unsecure and open bay)
Thither, by stealth, the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ sail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unveil'd;
All through the' unguarded gates with joy resort
To see the slighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulysses, there Achilles; here
The battles join'd; the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vast pile the' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reason in their wonder lose.
And first Thymœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver sort thought fit
The Greeks' suspected present to commit
To seas or flames, at least to search and bore
The sides, and what that space contains to' explore,
The uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided stands, till from the tower, enrag'd
Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, "What desperate frenzy's this, (oh, friends!)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a design; their gift's but a deceit:
For our destruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force. Yet know ye not Ulysses' shifts?
Their swords less danger carry than their gifts."

(This said) against the horse's side his spear
He throws, which trembles with inclosed fear,
Whilst from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans not his own; and had not Fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had stood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd prisoner to the king,
With joyful shouts, the Dardan shepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himself betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event secur'd,
Or of his death or his design assur'd;
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the rest;—
Disarm'd, disorder'd, casting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
"What land, what sea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incensed Troy a wretched captive seeks
To sacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks."
To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts; we now inquire his parentage;
What of their counsels or affairs he knew?
Then fearless he replies, "Great King! to you
All truth I shall relate: nor first can I
Myself to be of Grecian birth deny;
And though my outward state misfortune hath
Depress'd thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks pursue,
Accus'd unjustly, then unjustly slew.

Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne support;
I but a youth, yet some esteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulysses' craft
(Things known I speak) he was of life bereft;
Since in dark sorrow I my days did spend,
Till now, disdaining his unworthy end,
I could not silence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wish'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills, bear date:
Old guilt fresh malice gives; the people's ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I these thankless truths pursue,
Or why defer your rage? on me for all
The Greeks let your revenging fury fall.
Ulysses this, the' Atridæ this desire
At any rate." We straight are set on fire
(Unpractis'd in such mysteries) to inquire
The manner and the cause? which thus he told,
With gestures humble, as his tale was bold:
"Oft have the Greeks (the siege detesting) tir'd
With tedious war, a stol'n retreat desir'd,
And would to Heav'n they'd gone, but still dis-
By seas or skies, unwillingly they stay'd.
Chiefly when this stupendous pile was rais'd
Strange noises fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Dispatch Eurypylus to' inquire our fates,
Who thus the sentence of the gods relates:
'A virgin's slaughter did the storm appease,
When first towards Troy the Grecians took the seas;

Their safe retreat another Grecian's blood
Must purchase.' All at this confounded stood;
Each thinks himself the man, the fear on all
Of what the mischief but on one can fall:
Then Calchas (by Ulysses first inspir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom the' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd, (for many were as well
Inspir'd as he) and did my fate foretel.
Ten days the prophet in suspense remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at last constrain'd
By Ithacus, he solemnly design'd
Me for the sacrifice: the people join'd
In glad consent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate. The day drew near;
The sacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confess I found
The means to my escape: my bonds I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongst the sedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their sails had hoist, (if so they did)
And now, alas! no hope remains for me,
My home, my father, and my sons, to see,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And punish, for my guilt, their innocence.
Those gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men, by these I beg; redress
My causeless wrongs, and pity such distress."
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his false tears, his tongue his hands unbinds,
Then spake the king: "Be ours; whoe'er thou art,
Forget the Greeks. But first the truth impart,
Why did they raise, or to what use intend,
This pile? to' a warlike or religious end?"

Skilful in fraud (his native art) his hands
Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands;
"Ye pure ethereal flames! ye powers ador'd
By mortal men! ye altars, and the sword
I 'scap'd! ye sacred fillets that involv'd
My destin'd head! grant I may stand absolv'd
From all their laws and rites, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their secret thoughts proclaim,
Only, O Troy! preserve thy faith to me,
If what I shall relate preserveth thee.
From Pallas' favour all our hopes, and all
Counsels and actions took original,
Till Diomed (for such attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulysses' wit)
Assails the sacred tower; the guards they slay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image: straight with our success
Our hopes fell back, whilst prodigies express
Her just disdain; her flaming eyes did throw
Flashes of lightning; from each part did flow
A briny sweat; thrice brandishing her spear,
Her statue from the ground itself did rear;
Then that we should our sacrilege restore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos' shore,
Calchas persuades till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To measure back the main
They all consent, but to return again
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then instead of that, this pile
To Pallas was design'd, to reconcile
The' offended pow'r, and expiate our guilt;
To this vast height and monstrous stature built,
Lest, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.

But if this sacred gift you disesteem,
Then cruel plagues (which Heav'n divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's state: but if the horse
Your walls ascend, assisted by your force,
A league 'gainst Greece all Asia shall contract,
Our sons then suffering what their sires would act."
'Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear destroys us, against whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years' conflict, nor a thousand sail.
This, seconded by a most sad portent,
Which credit to the first imposture lent,
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, upon the day
Devoted to that god a bull did slay;
When two prodigious serpents were descried,
Whose circling strokes the sea's smooth face divide:
Above the deep they raise their scaly crests,
And stem the flood with their erected breasts;
Their winding tails advance and steer their course,
And 'gainst the shore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandish'd tongues there [came
A direful hiss, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they pursue, and first entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender sons;
Then him who armed to their rescue runs,
They seiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compassing and twice his waist:
Their poisonous knots he strives to break and tear,
While slime and blood his sacred wreaths besmear,
Then loudly roars, as when the' enraged bull
From the' altar flies, and from his wounded skull
Shakes the huge axe. The conquering serpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie

Under her feet, within her shield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was sent
Justly on him who struck the sacred oak
With his accursed lance. Then to invoke
The goddess, and let in the fatal horse,
We all consent. [wall,
'A spacious breach we make, and Troy's proud
Built by the gods, by our own hands doth fall.
Thus all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and some the monster drive
With rolls and levers: thus our work it climbs,
Big with our fate; the youth with songs and rhymes,
Some dance, some haul the rope; at last let down,
It enters with a thundering noise the town.
Oh, Troy! the seat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it stuck, as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard; yet, blinded by the power
Of fate, we place it in the sacred tower.
Cassandra then foretels the' event, but she
Finds no belief (such was the gods' decree.)
The altars with fresh flowers we crown, and waste
In feasts that day, which was (alas!) our last.
Now, by the revolution of the skies,
Night's sable shadows from the ocean rise,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds in-
The city in secure repose dissolv'd, [volv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive squadron steers
Their silent course to Ilium's well-known shore,
When Simon (sav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horse, and through the unlock'd doors
To the free air the armed freight restores;
Ulysses, Stheneleus, Tisander, slide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;

Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was: [wine
The gates they seize; the guards, with sleep and
Oppress'd, surprise, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the first sweets of sleep repair
Our bodies spent with toil, our minds with care,
(The gods' best gift) when, bath'd in tears and
blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector stood;
His aspect such when, soil'd with bloody dust,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were
thrust
By his insulting foe: O how transform'd!
How much unlike that Hector who return'd
Clad in Achilles' spoils! when he among
A thousand ships (like Jove) his lightning flung.
His horrid beard and knotted tresses stood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood.
Entranc'd I lay, then (weeping) said, "The joy,
The hope and stay of thy declining Troy!
What region held thee? whence, so much desir'd,
Art thou restor'd to us, consum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths? But what sad cause confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear those wounds?"
Regardless of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
"Fly from the flame, O goddess-born! our walls
The Greeks possess, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories: if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it should.
What man could do, by me for Troy was done.
Take here her relics and her gods, to run
With them thy fate; with them new walls expect,
Which, toss'd on seas, thou shalt at last erect;"

Then brings old Vesta from her sacred quire
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire;
Meanwhile, the walls with doubtful cries resound
From far; (for shady coverts did surround
My father's house) approaching still more near,
The clash of arms and voice of men we hear.
Rous'd from my bed, I speedily ascend
The houses' tops, and listening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds' conspiring force
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents' raging course
Bears down the' opposing oaks, the fields destroys,
And mocks the ploughman's toil, the' unlook'd-for noise,
From neighbouring hills the' amazed shepherd hears;
Such my surprise, and such their rage appears.
First fell thy house, Ucalegon! then thine
Deïphobus! Sigæan seas did shine [sound
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets' dreadful
The louder groans of dying men confound.
"Give me my arms," I cried; resolv'd to throw
Myself 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and despair, at once suggest,
That of all deaths to die in arms was best.
The first I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' priest.
Who, 'scaping with his gods and relics, fled,
And tow'rds the shore his little grandchild led:
"Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good?" but, sighing, he replies, "Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the last period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incensed Jove transfers to Grecian hands:
The foe within the burning town commands,

And (like a smother'd fire) an unseen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horse:
Insulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thousands more than e'er from Argos came,
Possess the gates, the passes, and the streets,
And these the sword o'ertakes, and those it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate so near,
At once suspends their courage and their fear."
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inspir'd, I make my way through fire, through swords,
Where noises, tumults, outcries, and alarms,
I heard. First Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us; (for the moon did shine)
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorœbus, Mygdon's son,
Who by the love of fair Cassandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not dissuade
Of his prophetic spouse;
Whom when I saw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I said, "Brave spirits! (but in vain)
Are you resolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? The state of our affairs
You see: the gods have left us, by whose aid
Our empire stood; nor can the flame be stay'd:
Then let us fall amidst our foes. This one
Relief the vanquish'd have, to hope for none."
Then reinforc'd, as in a stormy night
Wolves, urged by their raging appetite,
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n so among
Foes, fire, and swords, to' assured death we pass;
Darkness our guide, Despair our leader was.

Who can relate that evening's woes and spoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which so long had flourish'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houses, temples, walls:
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom;
Their hearts at last the vanquish'd reassume,
And now the victors fall: on all sides fears,
Groans, and pale Death, in all her shapes, appears.
Androgeus first with his whole troop was cast
Upon us, with civility misplac'd,
Thus greeting us; "You lose, by your delay,
Your share both of the honour and the prey:
Others the spoils of burning Troy convey
Back to those ships which you but now forsake."
We making no return, his sad mistake
Too late he finds: as when an unseen snake
A traveller's unwary foot hath prest,
Who trembling starts, when the snake's azure crest,
Swoln with his rising anger, he espies,
So from our view surpris'd Androgeus flies:
But here an easy victory we meet;
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilst fortune our first enterprise did aid,
Encourag'd with success, Chorœbus said,
"O friends! we now by better Fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us let us tread.
First change your arms, and their distinctions bear;
The same in foes deceit and virtue are."
Then of his arms Androgeus he divests,
His sword, his shield, he takes, and plumed crests;
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the rest; all glad
Of the occasion, in fresh spoils are clad.
Thus mix'd with Greeks, as if their fortune still
Follow'd their swords, we fight, pursue, and kill.

Some reascend the horse, and he whose sides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their safer guard, their ships, retire;
But vain's that hope 'gainst which the gods conspire.
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Cassandra, from Minerva's fatal shrine
Dragg'd by the hair, casting towards Heaven, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did strain:
Chorœbus, at the spectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidst the foes: we thus engag'd
To second him, among the thickest ran:
Here first our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a shower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Cassandra's rescue) us for Trojans slew,
Then from all parts Ulysses, Ajax then,
And then the' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds that meet from several coasts contest,
Their prisons being broke, the south and west,
And Eurus on his winged coursers borne,
Triumphing in their speed, the woods are torn,
And chasing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from their bottom: then all those
Who in the dark our fury did escape
Returning, know our borrow'd arms and shape,
And differing dialect; then their numbers swell
And grow upon us. First Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus! thy piety

Nor consecrated mitre from the same
Ill fate could save. My country's funeral flame,
And Troy's cold ashes, I attest and call
To witness for myself, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did and deserv'd no less my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias,
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound.
To court the cry directs us, where we found
The' assault so hot, as if 'twere only there,
And all the rest secure from foes or fear:
The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets cast
Over their heads; some scaling ladders plac'd
Against the walls, the rest the steps ascend,
And with their shields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold fast
The battlement: on them the Trojans cast
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; such arms as these,
Now hopeless, for their last defence they seize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient state,
They tumble down; and now against the gate
Of the' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our last effort to save the king,
Relieve the fainting, and succeed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt the' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not observ'd:
(The way for Hector's hapless wife reserv'd,
When to the aged king her little son
She would present) through this we pass, and run
Up to the highest battlement from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tower so high, it seem'd to reach the sky,
Stood on the roof from whence we could descry

All Ilium—both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We loosen; which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as sudden and as loud:
But others still succeed. Meantime nor stones
Nor any kind of weapons cease——
Before the gate in gilded armour shone
Young Pyrrhus, like a snake, his skin new grown,
Who, fed on poisonous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Fresh, in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandishes his tongue,
And lifts his scaly breast against the sun:
With him his father's 'squire, Automedon,
And Peripas, who drove his winged steeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth succeeds
Of Scyros' isle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof: Pyrrhus himself among
The foremost with an axe an entrance hews
Through beams of solid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of state,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs sate.
At the first gate an armed guard appears,
But the' inner court with horror, noise, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the women's shrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the skies;
Sad matrons wandering through the spacious rooms,
Embrace and kiss the posts: then Pyrrhus comes;
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force sustain: the torn porteullis falls;
Then from the hinge their strokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find they force.
Not with such rage a swelling torrent flows,
Above his banks the' opposing dams o'erthrows,

Depopulates the fields, the cattle, sheep,
Shepherds, and folds, the foaming surges sweep.
And now between two sad extremes I stood,
Here Pyrrhus and the' Atridæ drunk with blood,
There the' hapless queen amongst an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds those flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid:
Then they the secret cabinets invade
Where stood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race: the golden posts, whose tops
Old hostile spoils adorn'd, demolish'd lay,
Or to the foe or to the fire a prey.
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may inquire?
Seeing his empire lost, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks possest,
Arms long disus'd his trembling limbs invest:
Thus on his foes he throws himself alone,
Not for their fate but to provoke his own.
There stood an altar open to the view
Of heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whose shady arms the household gods embrac'd,
Before whose feet the queen herself had cast
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempest drives,
And frights into one flock; but having spied
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, she cried,
"Alas! my wretched husband! what pretence
To bear those arms! and in them what defence?
Such aid such times require not, when again
If Hector were alive he liv'd in vain:
Or here we shall a sanctuary find,
Or as in life we shall in death be join'd."
Then, weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the secret seat the king she plac'd.

Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and swords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus pursues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his last blood in Priam's presence spills.
The king (though him so many deaths inclose)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation shows:
"The gods requite thee: (if within the care
Of those above the' affairs of mortals are)
Whose fury on the son but lost had been,
Had not his parents' eyes his murder seen.
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'st to be
Thy father) so inhuman was to me;
He blush'd, when I the rights of arms implor'd,
To me my Hector, me to Troy, restor'd."
This said, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the sounding shield, scarce entering, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; "Go a messenger to hell
Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
The acts of his degenerate race." So through
His son's warm blood the trembling king he drew
To the' altar: in his hair one hand he wreaths,
His sword the other in his bosom sheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet surviv'd the state,
With such a signal and peculiar fate,
Under so vast a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in such flames a funeral fire to have. [proud,
He whom such titles swell'd, such power made
To whom the sceptres of all Asia bow'd;
On the cold earth lies the' unregarded king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing!'

END OF VOL. VI.